

# THE LIVING AGE.

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{ FROM BEGINNING  
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## CONTENTS

I. Montenegro. <i>By Herbert Vivian.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	515
II. Was the late Mikado the Maker of Modern Japan? <i>By Mr. Saint Nihal Singh</i>	HINDUSTAN REVIEW	521
III. The Staying Guest. Chapters XXI and XXII <i>By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (To be continued.)</i>	TIMES	528
IV. The Young Idea 'Twixt Square and Thwackum. <i>By T. H. S. Escott</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	540
V. What is a Conservative? <i>By G. K. Chesterton.</i>	DUBLIN REVIEW	551
VI. The Abu Zait Conspiracy. <i>By S. Lyde. (To be concluded.)</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	555
VII. Comments on the Presidential Election:		
The Landslide in America. <i>By Sydney Brooks.</i>	OUTLOOK	563
The victory of the Democrats.	ECONOMIST	565
The Presidential Election.	SPECTATOR	567
A New Start in America.	SATURDAY REVIEW	569
The Democratic Victory and After	NATION	572
VIII. To Maud Mary.	PUNCH	574

## A PAGE OF VERSE.

IX. A Greeting. <i>By W. H. Davies.</i>	SPECTATOR	514
X. Tears.		514
XI. Lures Immortal. <i>By Stephen Phillips.</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE	514
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		575



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## A GREETING.

Good morning, Life—and all  
Things glad and beautiful.  
My pockets nothing hold,  
But he that owns the gold,  
The Sun, is my great friend—  
His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky,  
Which bright clouds measure high;  
Hail to you birds whose throats  
Would number leaves by notes;  
Hail to you shady bowers,  
And you green fields of flowers.

Hail to you women fair,  
That make a show so rare  
In cloth as white as milk—  
Be't calico or silk:  
Good morning, Life—and all  
Things glad and beautiful.

The Spectator.

W. H. Davies.

## TEARS.

Sad is the crystal tear  
From eyes of youth;  
Sadder the slower drops  
Of married ruth.

Sad tears of maid or wife,  
Brimming to fall,  
Often the tearless eye  
Saddest of all.

## LURES IMMORTAL.

Sadly, apparently frustrate, life hangs  
above us,  
Cruel, dark, unexplained;  
Yet still the immortal through mortal  
incessantly pierces  
With calls, with appeals, and with  
lures.  
Lure of the sinking sun, unto un-  
dreamed islands,  
Fortunate, far in the West;  
Lure of the stars, with speechless news  
o'erbrimming,  
With language of darted light;  
Of the sea-glory of opening lids of Au-  
rora,  
Ushering eyes of the dawn;

Of the callow bird in the matin dark-  
ness calling,  
Chorus of drowsy charm;  
Of the wind, south-west, with whisper-  
ing leaves illumined,  
Solemn gold of the woods;  
Of the intimate breeze of noon deep-  
charged with a message,  
How near, at times, unto speech!  
Of the sea, that soul of a poet a-yearn  
for expression,  
For ever yearning in vain!  
Hoarse o'er the shingle with loud, un-  
uttered meanings,  
Hurling on caverns his heart.  
Of the summer night, what to com-  
municate, eager?  
Perchance the secret of peace.  
The lure of the silver to gold, of the  
pale unto color,  
Of the seen to the real unseen;  
Of voices away to the voiceless, of  
sound unto silence,  
Of words to a wordless calm;  
Of music, doomed unto wandering, still  
returning  
Ever to heaven and home.  
The lure of the beautiful woman  
through flesh unto spirit,  
Through a smile unto endless light;  
Of the flight of a bird thro' evening  
over the marsh-land,  
Lingering in heaven alone;  
Of the vessel disappearing over the  
sea-marge,  
With him or with her that we love;  
Of the sudden touch in the hand of a  
friend or a maiden,  
Thrilling up to the stars.  
The appeal of the death of a soldier,  
the moon just rising,  
Kindling the battlefield;  
Of the cup of water, refused by the  
thirsting Sidney,  
With the final pang athirst;  
Of the crucified Christ, yet lo those  
arms extended,  
Wide, as a world to embrace;  
And last, and grandest, the lure, the  
invitation,  
And sacred wooing of Death;  
Unto what regions, or heavens, or sol-  
emn spaces,  
Who, but by dying, can tell?

*Stephen Phillips.*

The Westminster Gazette.

## MONTENEGRO.

I am not sure that I know the precise meaning of a "great Power." It seems that some six or seven of the largest combinations of men under one rule are regarded as world-arbiters, though they may be on the verge of bankruptcy, heterogeneous in race, helpless in action. Look at Italy, who was tempted into a wild-goose chase by the Hebrew usurers of the Banco di Roma, and has now had to obey a cry of "Halt!" just when she might have been useful to the Christians of Turkey. Look at Austria, whose populations would take a page to enumerate. In no sense can she be called a nation, yet this patch-work Power prates of her patriotic aims, her national ambitions, her rights as a pioneer in the van of Western civilization. Probably every one of her subjects would prefer to owe allegiance to some other country, yet all of them have to carry out the behests of an amiable, almost senile, German sovereign, supported by electors who are bought and sold like sheep. Much the same may be said of any "great Power." It is not a voice of the people, but a close corporation of a few hereditary, corrupt mountebanks, who talk a jargon of their own, wear gorgeous, gold-laced uniforms, and spend weeks or months to settle the simplest questions by the exchange of futile notes, pompous pourparlers, cloaked conversations, and empty ultimata.

Even in Great Britain, the pattern of popular government and mother of parliaments, the masses are allowed no voice in foreign affairs, which are certainly the most important affairs of all. How long is it since foreign affairs have figured prominently as an issue in an election? No doubt Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian campaign inspired a wave of sentiment on behalf

of down-trodden Christians, almost a revival of the spirit of the Crusaders. But it led to very little, for the Berlin Treaty had been signed and all the eloquence may have been but part and parcel of the party game. Anyhow, foreign politics have remained the preserve of a gang of officials ever since our sovereigns agreed to reign instead of rule. Whatsoever party should be in office, the officials continued on their old weary, Whiggish way. Even Disraeli was not allowed to deviate far from the path along which Palmerston had been driven. Gladstone knew very little about foreign countries, their mysterious machinations, even their elementary geography. Granville, Salisbury, Lansdowne, Edward Grey, have been a mere string of Amuraths. During the last dozen years I do not suppose that a dozen public speeches have been made by British statesmen on subjects of external import. Audiences would have yawned or fallen asleep if any references had been made to negotiations with Vienna or treaties about Persia or nationalist unrest in Egypt. Besides, it was not considered good form to invade the sanctity of a secret service; it was "against public policy" to inquire about matters which must be left in the hands of our winking augurs. A question in the House of Commons only provoked a snub, which was cheered by both parties, and the inquisitor was voted a mischievous bore. Then King Edward was dragged in as a cat's-paw or stalking-horse. It was treason to the Throne as well as to the country if anyone whispered a question about the progress of alleged pacification. I remember how, at the 1906 Election, the Conservatives made loud boasting over the results of their policy of peace. "Yes," I replied, being a Liberal can-

didate, "but the new Government will still enjoy the blessing of the prudent counsels and wise diplomacy of our gracious King." It was the only thing to say.

Aye, but though it is a very nice, kind, grandmotherly maxim to love our enemies, I venture to suggest that we need not at the same time forget our friends. Most people, even the sterilized mummies at the Foreign Office, now admit that the Treaty of Berlin has not proved a success. It may have meant peace with honor at the time and pacified Europe honorably for a generation, but it has left us an unsavory legacy, chiefly because no one could or would carry it out. And our close corporation of a Foreign Office is responsible for much of the present trouble because, though no longer playing the big drum, it still holds a place of profit as second fiddle in the Café Concert of Europe. Austria was allowed to tear up the Treaty of San Stefano, which not only created a big Bulgaria, but trebled the area of Montenegro; an Austrian and Turkish wedge was driven between the Slav States of Servia and Montenegro. But the principality was doubled, though Gusinje and Plava turbulently refused annexation. Then Dulcigno was offered in compensation by the Powers, but was only ceded by Turkey after a naval demonstration, in which England took the lead—for the last time.

This small act of justice has left a profound impression of gratitude, such as would probably not be found in any other civilized State. During a recent visit, I enjoyed opportunities of observing the excellent disposition of all classes toward us. The King recalled the services which England had rendered to Montenegro, and assured me that an Englishman was always welcome at his Court. He had received much kindness from Queen Victoria and King Edward when he was in Eng-

land; he could never forget the friendly spirit which our whole people had displayed. His particular regard for the late Mr. Gladstone is well known. His Majesty has even written a poem about him, and never tires of expressing his affectionate enthusiasm whenever he receives an Englishman. An United States Minister, when presenting his credentials one day, ingeniously won his Majesty's approval by claiming Mr. Gladstone's practical sympathy on behalf of the whole Anglo-Saxon race—a shrewd stretch of diplomatic craft, if ever there was one. In a spirit similar to his father's, Prince Mirko assured me that he always felt at home with Englishmen, and knew in advance that he would share their point of view in all things. It almost amounted to a kind of freemasonry, and such was his personal devotion to King Edward that he felt there was nothing on earth he would hesitate to do for his sake. Indeed, he was so good as to describe his feelings toward Great Britain as a species of infatuation.

Yet, alas! the Montenegrins have very little except one small act of justice for which to thank our country. When I sounded Sir Edward Grey with regard to Montenegrin views on the proposed Balkan railway, I could receive no satisfactory reply, though I followed up my messages by persuading a friend to put questions in Parliament. Even the small satisfaction of a permanent British Minister at Cetinje was refused for a long time. It is true that, in pursuance of his red-tape, Jack-in-office policy, Sir Edward Grey did protest against the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina—a direct violation of the Berlin Treaty. This was, of course, only a move on the chess-board of European diplomacy, but the Montenegrins have venerable ideas of fidelity, and they leaped to the conclusion that we were re-



appearing in our old part as champions of distressed nationalities. Rarely, if ever, has there been so great an outburst of enthusiasm in all the annals of the Black Mountains. Dense crowds of picturesque highlanders stood for hours outside the palace and the lounging of the British envoy, waving Union Jacks and cheering frantically for our King and country. Every town and village throughout Montenegro witnessed similar demonstrations, with never a single discordant note.

It seems a pity that Sir Edward Grey never realized the importance of reciprocating all these friendly feelings. He must now at last perceive that Montenegro is the one Balkan State which can be counted upon for courage and honor and fidelity. He may plead that it was impossible for any but a soothsayer to guess that she would suddenly declare war against a great Empire without knowing whether her alleged allies meant business or not. But surely some of his secretaries could have drawn up an intelligible memorandum, or a *précis* of Montenegrin history. There he would have read how completely King Nicholas and his people are at one, how they rely upon his wisdom in time of stress and acquiesce in his patience when times are not ripe for battle. Even when there was an insurrection round and about Cattaro in 1869, the Montenegrin sovereign resisted all temptation to intervene. In 1861 he listened to the bidding of the Powers, remaining neutral while Herzegovina was in arms, even permitting the Turks to take war material through his territory. But in 1862 the Turks declared war, and the Montenegrins were hard pushed after prodigies of valor, twenty-six men defending Ostrog monastery against whole armies of the enemy. The next fourteen years of peace were devoted to the organization of the army and the purchase of efficient arms.

There was another Herzegovinian rising in 1875, and it was clearly impossible to restrain the Montenegrins now that they knew themselves ready for battle. In July, 1876, the sovereign accordingly declared war on Turkey and placed himself at the head of the insurgents. Victory after victory encouraged the mountaineers, and the defection of Serbia did not matter much, as the Russians were already on the warpath.

If Sir Edward Grey had known these elementary facts, he would perhaps have perceived the importance of time. While he was despatching platitudes to the Chanceries of Europe, King Nicholas quietly invaded Turkey without a care for diplomatic rigmaroles or the doubtful assistance of other Balkan States. Up to the time of writing, he has been rewarded by an unbroken series of triumphs. No doubt it was very rash to attack a great Empire in this way, but men like the Montenegrins are not wont to care for consequences. If pledges are fulfilled in time, there is no reason why allied armies should not liberate the whole Balkan peninsula once and for all. It is all very fine for the impotent "great Powers" to prate about forbidding the Christians to profit by their prowess, but I shall be considerably surprised as well as disappointed if conquered vilayets are ever restored to the grip of Mahound. Even if new States are created and younger sons of reigning houses are sent out to earn their spurs as sovereigns, emancipation will have been accomplished, and it is for emancipation that King Nicholas has thrown down the gauntlet. At any rate, he has had the intelligence to understand that peaceful persuasion has been worse than useless.

When people say to me, "You are clamoring for the rescue of oppressed Christians in Turkey; why, then did you disapprove of the Balkan Committee's hysterics?" I have an easy answer.

Until a revolution deposed Abdul Hamid, the one diplomatist whose high sagacity could safeguard the Ottoman Empire, the Balkan Committee type of person could only irritate ineffectively. We all know that pale, unctuous, snivelling type, always urging others to spread fire and slaughter, while they themselves issue leaflets and collect coins for secretaries and offices and leathern armchairs. The only result of the policy which they approved was the Komitaji's reign of terror. Brigand bands, almost openly encouraged in Bulgaria scoured Macedonia, burning Moslem villages, killing defenceless peasants, and taking toll even from Christians, whom they compelled to store arms at the risk of their lives. The result was a state of anarchy, such as a few desperadoes can always create in mountainous districts. Naturally the Turks and Moslem Albanians were provoked to reprisals, and the Balkan Committee deluged the world with gruesome pictures of massacres, gory descriptions, lurid lectures, and all the paraphernalia of propaganda. It was all one-sided, and many must have wondered how it came to pass that Turks could be such fiends when Christianity was the only offence of their martyrs. But it sufficed to unloose the purse-strings of sentimental old women, and to irritate the Turks to further fury.

Now, while all this foolish brigandage was afoot, the attitude of Montenegro remained invariably correct, even in the face of considerable provocation. Powers and tabernacles vied with one another to pat and encourage the Bulgarian spoiled child, who shrank from nothing to advance extravagant aspirations of empire. Then came the deposition of Abdul Hamid, and theoretical democrats cried "Huzza!" and "Turkey for the Turks." The old trick of promising reforms gained credence when it came from a secret committee, which juggled with watch-

words about Union and Progress. The sufferers soon saw that the new order of things was only the old order writ large and systematized. Taxes began to be collected more regularly, to feather the nests of "Union and Progress;" Christians and Jews were granted the unwelcome boon of being allowed to serve a country they detested; raids and outrages increased steadily, and the "great Powers" were studiously impotent.

Then Turkey was handicapped by a conflict with Italy, which, if not precisely a war, interfered with the transport of troops from Asia and left the Turkish army without any superiority over the soldiers of the Balkan States. Here was an opportunity in a century for solving the Eastern question at last, and the Balkan States would have been criminal lunatics to neglect it. For some mysterious reason, however, when every hour seemed of importance, when Italy was facilitating the transport of reinforcements, Bulgaria, Servia and Greece confined their warfare to paper. No doubt King Ferdinand reflected that he would cut a sorry figure as Generalissimo, as it is said to take four men to hold him on horseback. Peter Karageorgevitch exposed himself to a revised version of the taunt, levelled at his pusillanimous grandfather, Kara George, who fled at a critical juncture one hundred years ago: "The fairy shrieks from the summit of Rudnik above Jasenitsa, the slender stream. She calls Peter Karageorgevitch at Topola in the plain: Cowardly Peter Karageorgevitch, where art thou today? Would thou wert nowhere. If thou drinkest plumbrandy in the palace, may it run out of thee in wounds. Dost thou not see (ah! would that thou wert deprived of sight) that the Turks have invaded thy fatherland?" But, even when threatened with revolution, Peter pleaded piteously that he was really

much too ill to go to war. If necessary, he would obtain a medical certificate! As for the Greeks, we need not trouble about them, save as swift runners, if the experiences of their late war count for aught. At the best, they may provide us with a comic version of Olympic games.

Apart from motives of philanthropic brotherhood, Montenegro was perfectly justified in precipitating hostilities. Scarcely a day passed without news of sufferings among the Montenegrins in Albania, where a number of semi-independent chiefs exercise a peculiarly oppressive tyranny. I have heard many details of the exactions committed by Albanian begs and the impossibility for a Christian to obtain redress at their hands. Whenever a serious protest was made, assurances were always forthcoming that a searching inquiry should be held at once. But the usual plan was to summon the plaintiffs to attend a Court at a certain town, which they could only reach at the peril of their lives by passing through a district inhabited by their deadliest enemies. And if a Christian refused to take the risk, either in justification of his grievances or when invited to answer fiscal interrogatories, he was deemed to be contumacious and became liable to summary arrest and imprisonment. No doubt, the Turkish Government was not altogether responsible, for it was powerless to control the Albanian mountaineers without extensive warfare, which would not be countenanced by the Powers. But if the Turkish Government could do nothing, all the more reason for someone else to intervene. And, as we can now see for ourselves, Montenegrin intervention was very likely to provoke the general conflagration which all Europe had long striven to avoid.

Up to the last the Montenegrins displayed a spirit of forbearance as amaz-

ing as it was admirable. Even when the Albanians built a block-house on Montenegrin territory, near Podgoritsa, a few years ago, King Nicholas's Government was content to make a diplomatic protest, and actually prevented the inhabitants of the neighborhood from taking active steps to resent the aggression. It is therefore clear that the present war was not initiated without mature reflection following intense provocation. I observe that some fanatics for peace at any price are complaining that hostilities were begun without the hocus-pocus of diplomatic procedure, but if they will take the trouble to consult any handbook on international law, or indeed any elementary history of the world, they will find that scarcely any war has been preceded by an ultimatum or a declaration. In this case more than in almost any other, a few days' warning would have afforded the enemy an undue advantage. Indeed, there was every reason for a speedy blow.

Servia, of course, is not to be trusted under the present regicidal rule. It is not long since I was present at a State trial at Cetinje, where it was proved that desperadoes had been provided with bombs from the Servian arsenal at Kragujevats, with the knowledge of the ex-Crown Prince George Karageorgevitch, for the express purpose of blowing up the whole Royal family of Montenegro. In view of present dangers, a sort of truce has been patched up between Servia and Montenegro, an alliance has been concluded, and the best way to shame modern Servians like Peter and Pashitch into fulfilling their obligations was to press forward into the Sanjak of Novi Bazar with all possible speed.

Moreover, there was Austria to be considered also. Already ruling several millions of unwilling Slavs, she sees no reason why she should not extend her empire over their brethren

further south. The chaos and corruption and decay of elementary civilization which followed the Belgrade murders have afforded Austria at least a plausible pretext for an advance, and many are wondering why she does not revive her protectorate of the Sanjak and forbid Servian or Montenegrin aspirations there. But such high-handed action would be far more difficult after a Montenegrin invasion than while it was only contemplated. And the sooner the whole Sanjak is occupied by Montenegro, the greater will be her claim to retain it when peace is concluded. Contiguity between Servia and Montenegro has been desired by Slavs for centuries, ever since the battle of Kosovo. But it would certainly handicap Austrian hopes of penetrating to the *Ægean*.

Give the Sanjak to Montenegro, and Servia will not have far to look for a sovereign when the time comes to replace her bloodstained dynasty with a monarch worthy of Dushan's glorious traditions. Montenegro contains all the fine flower of Servian chivalry, and has maintained her independence against the encroachments of empires all through the centuries. The last remaining advocates of Austria argue that she has accomplished a great civilizing work, and should therefore be encouraged to extend the blessings of her rule. It may, perhaps, be admitted, in the matter of communications and superficial comforts, that she has been the interpreter of progress for Bosnia and Herzegovina. But a few telegraph-poles and hostleries do not constitute the last word in civilization. All the material advantages which Austria has introduced have been exclusively for her own benefit; her soldiers and policemen have thriven like locusts on the fat of the land; she has been engaged in a deliberate conspiracy to force Roman Catholicism upon an Orthodox population.

Assuming that the ends in view are the pacification and development of the peninsula, it is difficult to discover any argument for regarding Austria as the ideal emancipator. Troublesome races are more easily administered by people of their own blood, particularly when courage and freedom have been theirs throughout many generations. No doubt the final settlement will presently be reduced to a question of cash, according to the principles of modern diplomacy. In that case Servia might be bought off, particularly if an opportunity were seized during the precarious existence of the present venal rule. But Montenegro is sufficiently awake and conscious of the possibilities of her future to hold out for compensations more important than those of petty cash. She has maintained her independence at the point of the sword, but it has only been grudgingly conceded on paper. Again and again she has conquered territory, only to see it taken away at the dictation of some congress or concert of Europe. All she really asks is that she may receive the ordinary treatment which is usually extended to civilized States.

The Treaty of Berlin having been violated by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, it is difficult to see how Austria can protest against a revision of Article 29, which handicaps the future of Montenegro. That article incorporated Spizza in Dalmatia, though it had previously been conquered by Montenegro and though it was essential to Montenegro for securing the freedom of the port of Antivari. Moreover, the obnoxious Article 29 provided that Montenegro should have no flag or ship of war, that all Montenegrin waters should be closed to the warships of all nations, that Montenegrin shores should not be fortified, that the assent of Austria-Hungary should be required for the construction of roads and railways through the

new Montenegrin territory, and that maritime and sanitary police functions, both at Antivari and along the Montenegrin coast, should be exercised by Austro-Hungarian coastguard lighters. All these stipulations are inconsistent with full Montenegrin independence, and must be reconsidered very sympathetically at the next international congress.

Montenegro has other legitimate desires. Having established her independence by her own courage and endurance, having now come to the enjoyment of all the blessings of a civilized State, it is only natural that she should begin to think of her future development. Hitherto Nature has vetoed her aspirations; rugged mountains, admirable for repelling invaders, have also resisted the advance of trade. A beginning is being made: one of the finest natural harbors in the world is being rapidly perfected at Antivari, a regular service of motor cars has been established to the most important parts of the kingdom. But the crying need is for a railway which shall connect Montenegro with the European system. Of all the schemes which have lately been propounded for Balkan railways, none is so reasonable or at-

*The Fortnightly Review.*

tractive as that for a line from an emancipated terminus at Mitrovitsa, through Montenegro by Nikshitch and Podgoritsa to Antivari. The Servian scheme would be infinitely more costly, and the port at San Giovanni di Medua could never afford satisfaction: the river Boyana pours in such great quantities of sand that it would be necessary to dredge there night and day for ever and ever. Again, the Servian line would run through the wildest and most insubordinate region, whereas the whole of Montenegro is civilized.

May I conclude with an urgent plea that the various Red Cross Societies will pay their first attention to the obvious claims of Montenegro? Heroes do not ask for help, but often need it most of all. Only the other day, the nurses and doctors at Podgoritsa could be counted on the fingers of both hands. The hospital accommodation and surgical supplies are hideously insufficient, and hundreds of brave men may be left to die from trivial wounds which a little care would cure. Let England endeavor to deserve at last some of the accumulated gratitude which Montenegro has lavished upon her ever since the days of Dulcigno.

*Herbert Vician.*

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## WAS THE LATE MIKADO THE MAKER OF MODERN JAPAN?

BY MR. SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

The demise of his Majesty Mutsuhito on July 29th naturally suggests the question as to what actual part he played in the making of modern Japan. One school of critics would have us believe that the transformation of the tiny, obscure Island-kingdom into a world-renowned Empire was wholly or almost solely due to the sagacity

and untiring industry and perseverance of the dead monarch, while another set of thinkers hold the opposite to be the case, and give out, as their opinion, that the late Mikado was not the all-powerful, all-wise, semi-god, who is given the credit for having revolutionized his kingdom during his forty-five years' rule. There is a great



gulf between the two contentions, and it is hard to find out just where the truth lies.

Before the attempt is made to study the situation and arrive at a definite conclusion, it will be well to briefly survey the events that have happened since November 3rd, 1852, when the late Mutsuhito was born.

In 1853, just a year after the Mikado's birth, the United States Government sent Commodore Perry to Japan to establish diplomatic relations with the people of Nippon, separated from America by the Pacific Ocean. The special commissioner arrived at Yedo, left the dispatch he had brought from Washington, D. C., with the Nipponese authorities, and departed, promising to call for the reply some time later. The Japanese seriously set themselves to prepare against attack, but when the American squadron returned and the Easterners realized that they had not rendered themselves absolutely impregnable, they gracefully resigned themselves to the situation and signed a treaty whereby they undertook "to accord kind treatment to shipwrecked sailors; to permit foreign vessels to obtain stores and provisions within their territory; and to allow American ships to anchor in the ports at Shimoda and Hakodate." This was supplemented by a commercial treaty made in 1858. Similar treaties were made with Great Britain and other European powers. They brought on an "anti-foreign" fever which the powerful feudal Barons of Japan, who always had been jealous of the supreme power over the affairs of their country exercised by the Shogun, and who had bided their time waiting for a favorable opportunity to overthrow the usurper, took advantage of to plunge the land into a sanguinary civil war. The strife lasted only a short time, but proved to be of an epoch-making character. As a consequence of it, the

Shogun's power was wrested from him, once for all, and the Emperor's rights restored. On October 13th, 1868, Mutsuhito was crowned real Emperor, and took a solemn oath to safeguard the welfare of all his subjects. Thus originated the *Meiji* (literally Restoration) era, which, as its name signifies, meant the period in which the power of the Mikado had been restored to him, and that of the usurping Shogun broken down.

Four and a half decades have gone by since then. During these years the governmental, social, intellectual, and industrial structures of Japan have been remodelled along modern lines. Space does not permit detailed description of the changes that have thus been effected, but a very brief summary may be offered.

The transformation of the Administration had proceeded from absolutism to limited monarchy. Though restored to the power that his predecessors had enjoyed before the rise of the Shoguns, the Emperor voluntarily circumscribed his rights and privileges. Though his authority over the affairs of his subjects remained absolutely supreme, yet for all practical purposes the functions of administration were departmentalized, as is the case in Western countries, and capable men were installed as chiefs of the various bureaus. These high offices, in most cases, were filled by lineal descendants of the military clans which had exercised great power in the past. In 1889, a constitution was granted to the people, and as the result of it, upper and lower houses of Parliament were organized—the former an elected assembly. But though much progress has been made along the lines of popular government, it would be a mistake to characterize the Nipponese Administration of to-day as anything better than an oligarchy, where a few men (most of them belonging to the *geniro*,

or "elder statesmen" coteria) exercise full sway over public affairs, in the name of the Mikado.

However, without a doubt, the structure of feudalism that rose in *Dai Nippon* during the past centuries has received a tremendous blow. The *Samurai*, or military class, each individual member of which bore two swords and considered himself to be superior to the tradespeople and agriculturists, has passed away. The *Eta*, not unlike our own "untouchable," also has disappeared, the name being shorn of its social obloquy. This, of course, does not mean that all social distinctions have been levelled. Indeed, the Japanese to-day have a distinct nobility. But the aristocrats and oligarchs, though oft-times the progeny of the *Samurai* of old, are, as a rule, rich people, and not infrequently brainy as well. The nobility has been remodelled along European lines. The modern aristocrat of Japan does not consider it beneath his dignity to engage in commercial and industrial pursuits, and, judging from the present-day tendency, *Nippon* bids fair to have a plutocracy where, in the past, it had a nobility.

Social reorganization is even more noticeable in the matter of giving a new and better status to woman than in the downfall of feudalism. When the reign of the Shogun came to an end the womanhood of *Dai Nippon* was benighted, abided in seclusion segregated from members of the opposite sex except near male relatives, and lived solely to cater to the whims and caprices of mankind. Such a state of affairs being detrimental to the good of a nation, systematized attempts were made from the very beginning of the *Meiji* era, to change these conditions. Primary education was made free and compulsory for girls, and, in course of time, institutions for imparting higher education and pedagogic, industrial, technical, and commercial training to

women were founded, and laws were made which gave more equitable property and divorce laws to females.

Intellectual changes kept pace with governmental and social reorganization. Starting without any nucleus whatsoever, a system of public instruction was established during the course of the *Meiji* era of such dimensions and excellence as to elicit the applause of the world at large. When the Emperor came to the throne, learning was very much restricted amongst men, and was practically non-existent amongst women. Education of a utilitarian nature was looked down upon by the *Samurai* class, who acquired more or less proficiency in verse-making and classical learning; while the lower classes even did not possess the facilities to learn to read and write and do simple sums in arithmetic. In the year 1912, only about five per cent of men and women of Japan remain illiterate, while about ninety-eight per cent of children of both sexes are attending schools.

The structure of industrialism has been built up with such marvelous rapidity that to-day Japan is able to turn out practically everything in daily use, from a mammoth dreadnaught to a pin. The old crafts have not been permitted to die out or remain decadent, but have benefited from the introduction of modern methods, while numerous industries undreamt of fifty years ago have been established, and the Japanese have succeeded so well with them that they are able to compete with Westerners engaged in similar enterprises. The development of the industrial system, to be sure, has bred many evils, some of them of a very deadly nature, yet, despite this, the accomplishment of Japan in working up its mines, taking care of its forests, and utilizing its timber resources, and in manufacturing cotton, wool, and silk goods and

art-ware, whether by hand or by power-driven machinery, has been marvelous. It may be added, *en passant*, that the development of agriculture along scientific lines also forms a praiseworthy record.

While these changes have been taking place in the governmental, social, intellectual, and material realms of Japan, the very face of the country has been transformed by the opening up of over 6,000 miles of railroad (State as well as privately owned, including tramways and street railways); more than 16,000 miles of telegraph lines (not including the facilities offered by the wireless service, which have rapidly multiplied during the last few years); over 125,000 miles of telephone wires, connecting about one hundred cities and towns; and some 260,000 miles of State, prefectural, and village roads and highways. These figures are for Japan proper, and do not include the statistics for Nipponese possessions, such as Formosa, Corea, and Manchuria. In pondering over them it must be borne in mind that the three principal islands, namely, Hokkaido (30,275 square miles), Honshiu (86,770 square miles), and Shikoku (7,032 square miles), which constitute Japan proper, have a total area of about 125,000 square miles, and, roughly speaking, have a population of about 55,000,000. Wherever necessary, rivers and streams have been bridged and, in a few cases, controlled to supply electric current. Jungles have been cleared in a few places, and arrangements made for the forestation of valleys and mountainsides; and much waste land has been brought under cultivation.

Last, but not least, the army and navy have been modernized with such effect that they have earned the plaudits of Europe and the rest of the world. In two campaigns—the Chino-Japanese war of 1894, and the Russo-

Japanese war of the past decade, the Tommies and Jackies of Japan and the men who directed their movements demonstrated their prowess. Incidentally, these engagements, and diplomatic negotiations, resulted in extending the Mikado's Empire, by the addition of Karafuto or Japanese Saghalien (13,000 square miles in area and with a population of 26,000); Formosa (with an area of 13,500 square miles and a population of about 3,500,000); Corea (71,000 square miles in area and with 12,000,000 inhabitants); (the lease of) Manchuria (with an area of 360,000 square miles and a population estimated at 15,000,000); and Kwantung Peninsula, (covering an area of 220 square miles, with 400,000 population). Japan has succeeded in introducing into these possessions railways, roads, irrigation canals, public offices, schools, and hospitals, and has established industries.

At the same time the Japanese have emigrated to and settled in various parts of the world, notably in North and South America.

As was inevitable, this wonderful accomplishment of the Nipponese nation raised its prestige in the eyes of the Occidentals as well as of the Eastern peoples. Whereas fifty years ago the average Occidental was densely ignorant as regarded Japan, and even twenty years ago the Japanese were considered by the Western world to be merely undeveloped children, to be smiled at and patronized, to-day the deeds of these Oriental Islanders have been heralded around the globe, and even the unlettered are familiar with their achievements. Though the scholars are cognizant of the defects and shortcomings in Japan's progression, yet even the most caustic critics are forced to acknowledge that the accomplishment registered by the Japanese in the four and a half decades of the *Meiji* era, extending from Octo-

ber 13, 1868, to July 30th, 1912, forms a brilliant record, unparalleled by that of any other nation in the annals of the world.

Such, in brief, is the tale of Japan's attainment during the administration of Mutsuhito. Just how much of it must be credited to his genius, and just how much of the praise should be given to others, is a complex and debatable question.

The Japanese themselves unhesitatingly and unstintingly ascribe all the glory to their dead Emperor. They consider that all the victories won by Japan, by blood or brains, in war or in peace, were due to his "virtue."

To be sure, such a statement, on its very surface, is hyperbolic; but the Nipponese do not see this exaggeration, no matter how patent it may be to outsiders. I have heard it said by more than one person of distinction that this is but a pose—pure affectation. But my intimate association with the Japanese makes me feel that the generals and admirals who, in the course of the Russo-Japanese war, for instance, said, "the merit of the victory belongs to the serene dignity of his Majesty," as well as the remarks of the statesmen and industrialists, who ascribe all governmental, social, and material progress to the *Tenno*—"Heavenly Sovereign"—were absolutely sincere.

But when this is granted, the question as to the exact part played by the late Emperor in the modernization of his people still remains unanswered. To satisfactorily solve the problem, we must bear several issues in mind. First of all, when Mutsuhito was invested with full powers in 1868, as the result of the downfall of the Shogun, he was barely sixteen years old. Having been brought up in the seclusion of the palace at Kyoto and having received practically no education in the modern sense of the word, this youth

could hardly have been prepared for the exigencies thrust upon him when he was restored to his rights and privileges. Again, there were the feudatories who had proved instrumental in wrecking the power of the usurper, each of them the descendant of a powerful clan and possessing a retinue of faithful hereditary retainers. These men could hardly have been expected altogether to quench the fire of their ambitions for brilliant and powerful careers. Furthermore, for the first time, Japan had seriously to face the problems arising from the meeting of the West and the East, which, unless astutely handled, might have ended disastrously. What was the boy monarch, uneducated and untraveled, qualified to do in settling these baffling internal and external problems; in holding in check the hereditary and powerful Barons; in calming down the people who recently had been torn asunder in a civil war; in diplomatically negotiating with the foreigners bent upon extending their influence and promoting their interests in Japan; and in guiding the Japanese ship of state away from the shoals and quicksands into the high-seas of progress?

One is almost tempted to answer this query with a shrug of the shoulders; but he who would do so would fail to take into consideration the facts of authentic history. Strange though it may sound, nevertheless it is a fact that the ruler, absolutely unprepared as he was for his high office, which all at once, in 1868, ceased to be a sinecure, as theretofore it had been, despite his youth, rose to the occasion; and so did the clansmen, whom, in view of the frailties incidental to human nature, might have been expected to clamor for power and pelf. On the one hand, the monarch showed a wonderful strength of will, and along with it displayed a deep insight into the psychology of these powerful liege

lords who had been responsible for his restoration; and on the other hand, the feudatories exhibited a noteworthy spirit of compromise and patriotism. Both the Emperor and the fighting chiefs were gifted with the far-sight to realize that Japan must change its course, or otherwise perish. A national crisis had come upon Nippon, and though there is no way of showing just how the chief actors of that time had been made ready for their respective tasks, yet a careful and analytical reading of history leaves no doubt whatever in the mind of the student that the Mikado, as well as the Barons, had been prepared by an all-wise providence for the particular ends they were to serve.

As a result, neither the Mikado nor the heads of the mighty clans proved obstructionists. The ruler, instead of foolishly hugging to his breast the power that had been restored to him, avowed his willingness to become a limited monarch. Similarly, the chiefs did not object to the departmentalization of the administration and the division of the ruling powers amongst the heads of the various bureaus.

After all is said and considered, none lost very much. The Emperor retained his supremacy, in name at least,—and it must be remembered in this connection that his position before the downfall of the Shogun had been no better; indeed, it was much worse, even if it be granted, for the sake of argument, that his veto privilege throughout the *Meiji* era was merely shadowy. The Barons lost nothing, because the higher ranks in the reconstructed administration were filled by them.

However, had they not displayed this wisdom of "give and take," and if each had tried to grab power for himself, the result might have been disastrous in the extreme for Japan. The civil war which launched the *Meiji* era might have been continued for

months, and even for years longer, causing terrible bloodshed and weakening the body politic—and possibly planting a foreigner to act, for evermore, as the dictator of Japan's destinies.

But fortunately for the good of Nippon, no such eventuality came to pass. Instead, everyone of any consequence, from the Emperor down to the lowest *Samurai*, displayed a commendable spirit of compromise and remarkable far-sightedness. The Mikado permitted his privileges to be limited, and extended his clemency to the bitterest of his country's foes, even eventually forgiving the last Shogun and raising him to the dignity of a Prince. The military clansmen forgave and forgot their old-time scores and initiated an era of good-will amongst themselves. The *Samurai* gave up their notions of superiority, laid aside their swords, and began to interest themselves in the arts and crafts of peace, just as their forefathers had prepared themselves for war. The feudal Barons set up schools modelled half along Western, half along old Japanese lines, to prepare the rising generations for the new era that was just dawning. Simultaneously the various departments established under the supervision of the Mikado set out to institute an educational system; to lay the foundations of an army and navy patterned after up-to-date examples; to make new laws and train men to administer them; to set up new and rejuvenate old industries by importing foreign experts into Japan to teach the new ways to the Nipponese, and dispatching Japanese to the United States of America and to Europe, to observe how enterprises were carried on by the Occidentals; to protect trade by a judicious tariff and conduce to its growth by wise subsidies; and to open up the country by providing various modern means of communication.



All the important orders for establishing the new systems and new organizations, from the beginning to the end of the *Meiji* era, were issued in the name of Mutsuhito. This naturally suggests that the Mikado supplied the inspiration for the modernization of Japan. Carping critics, however, point out that the issuance of these mandates in the name of the Emperor did not necessarily imply that he was their author. There is something in this contention. But, despite all this, the Japanese themselves continue to believe that the association of the ruler's name with the rescripts was not a mere euphemism. On the authority of those who came into intimate personal contact with the Mikado, I believe that there is much more truth in the Japanese argument than the iconoclastic outsiders are willing to admit. In not a few cases of progressive measures initiated during his reign, the inspiration undoubtedly came from the Emperor, while in many more instances he made valuable suggestions. At any rate, I am persuaded to believe that a very great deal of credit for the issuance of the Rescript on Education—which rightly is considered the corner-stone of recent Japanese progress—must be given to the deceased Mutsuhito. It reads as follows, and is worshipped by the Nipponese probably more reverently than the word of God is revered in other parts of the world:

The acquirement of knowledge is essential to a successful life. All knowledge, from that necessary for daily life to that higher knowledge necessary to prepare officials, farmers, merchants, artisans, physicians, etc., for their respective vocations is acquired by learning. A long time has elapsed since schools were first started in this country. But for the farmers, artisans, and merchants and also for women, learning was regarded as beyond their sphere, owing to some mis-

apprehension in the way of school administration. Even among the higher classes much time was spent in the useless occupation of writing poetry and composing maxims, instead of learning what would be for their benefit or that of the State. Now an educational system has been established, and the schedules of study remodelled. It is designed that education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, or a family with an ignorant member.

The point as to the actual responsibility of the late Mikado for the progress of Japan will not be definitely cleared up until some day some one in the confidence of Mutsuhito writes frankly of him and his work. However, there can be no doubt whatever that the late Emperor possessed the rare quality of always selecting the right man for the right place, and listening to the advice of his capable counsellors instead of obstinately following his personal whims and fancies. Before, as well as after, the promulgation of the Constitution the appointment of officials unflinchingly received his closest personal attention. One characteristic of the late ruler which is not to be found in other Oriental potentates must especially be pointed out in this connection,—*viz.*, that he never hesitated to give a responsible office to a young man who was qualified for the position.

In apportioning the credit for the progress of Japan to the deceased Emperor it must be borne in mind that he always set the pace for his people. First of all, he showed them the way to self-sacrifice whenever the occasion warranted it, by limiting his powers and voluntarily granting a Constitution, and never attempting to perpetrate a coup in order again to become a despot. Second, he paved the way for the better treatment of women by treating his wife as his

equal. On the day on which the Constitution was granted—the 11th of February, 1889—Mutsuhito publicly placed the Empress Haruko on a level with himself, by driving through the streets of Tokyo with her seated by his side in the Imperial carriage. Previous to that day it had always been the custom for the Emperor, with his chief gentlemen-in-waiting and his guards of honor, to head all processions, the Empress, accompanied by her attendants, following at a respectful distance. Again, on the occasion of his silver wedding celebration of 1895, Mutsuhito entered the audience chamber with his wife clinging to his arm, all the Imperial Princes following his example. He encouraged his subjects to serve the country by contributing his quota to national uplift. It can be

*The Hindustan Review.*

authoritatively stated that during the course of the Chino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese wars he insisted upon being told even the most inconsequential news about the progress of the campaigns, passed many sleepless nights, and, throughout the course of the conflicts, even when it snowed and froze in mid-winter, refused to permit fires to be lighted in the Imperial palace, which he abandoned at least during part of the time, in favor of an incommodious, uncomfortable, suburban villa, so that he might not dwell in comfort while his soldiers were suffering hardships in the field.

(What wonder that the Japanese persist in looking upon his late Imperial Majesty as the maker of modern Nippon?)

## THE STAYING GUEST.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of "The Severins," etc.

### CHAPTER XXI.

The scandal was six weeks old and the neighborhood was nearly tired of talking of it. Jem Audley had gone back to London at once, and no one knew for certain how he had taken his bride's desertion of him. The Audleys were reticent and Delia had been almost invisible since the shock and confusion of the wedding day, when it had fallen on her to tell the bridegroom and then with his help to tell everyone else concerned that there would be no wedding. No wedding, that is, in Wrayside, with a young bridegroom and an audience of friends; but a wedding on another day with a groom more than double the age of his bride, a foolish, fond old man. Delia did not find it pleasant news either to digest or tell.

Her own thoughts played such seesaw that sometimes she was bemoan-

ing a disaster, and at other times rejoicing over an escape. Her heart leaped when she remembered that Jem was free again, and sank like lead when she reflected that the woman who would have played havoc with his peace was now married to her uncle and mistress of Helm Close. She had not heard from Jem since the catastrophe, and that troubled her; for at the time of it he had said so little that she hardly knew whether what she saw in his face was heartbreak or anger. She reasoned that he must have loved Lydia since he had asked her to be his wife, and that he must be wounded.

The first news that came from the truant pair told their plans. Mr. Butler wrote a colorless affectionate letter to tell Delia that they would keep the car with them and take it through France to the Italian Lakes. He had thought

in the spring that he would like to see them in autumn. He and Lydia had been married in London by special license and were very happy. His tone was matter of fact, and if he was conscious of having roused the neighborhood he did not admit it. Lydia's letter was chiefly about clothes. It gave a list of what she wanted sent, and a general order that everything else was to be put carefully away till her return. Here and there the way she wrote suggested her frame of mind. "I will write later about the re-arrangement of the rooms—we have not decided some things yet—we hope you will stay on with us—Martha can sleep in peace too—I know she hates me—but as long as she behaves herself——"

Della tried to adjust her ideas to what was coming, but found she could not. She must wait and see what happened. But about a fortnight later a letter arrived that gave her a foretaste of what would happen. It seemed that Lydia coveted her rooms, the bed-room upstairs with the rose-colored carpet, and the quiet tucked away sitting-room in the wing. The house was large and there were many rooms in it, but Lydia wanted just these two, and in the bedroom the furniture was to remain as it stood. "An easily contented bride, wasn't she, to take things as she found them?" But the old school-room was to be entirely re-decorated and refurnished. Lydia had chosen everything at Waring's. Instructions followed with regard to some of the old furniture, and the dates when paperers and painters would want the cleared rooms. Della could have the bedroom that had been Lydia's, and if she wished could turn the dressing-room into a sitting-room for herself. She could use some of the old school-room furniture for it if she liked. But perhaps that had better wait till Lydia came home, as she

meant to re-arrange and improve all the rooms.

Della showed the letter to Mrs. Audley and could not hide her chagrin and her vexation. She loved her own big sunny bedroom that had been given her because it was the best in the house when she took possession of Helm Close and its master at the age of six. She remembered the joy of coming back to it from the Muggendorferstrasse.

"Uncle Charles bought that carpet and the furniture on purpose for me," she said.

"I know," said Mrs. Audley, "I helped him choose them."

She felt profoundly sorry for Della, and saw worse breakers ahead than the girl seemed to see herself. She wished she could have offered her a home, but that solution was barred by one of those temperamental traits that create so many of life's difficulties. The Admiral was a man who could not endure the prolonged presence of a stranger on his hearth; and even Della would count with him as a stranger from this point of view. It had taken all Mrs. Audley's powers of persuasion to get Mr. Dalrymple invited at Easter, although she had known that Mary's happiness hung on the visit and the turn it took. She had said when the news came of Mr. Butler's marriage that she wished Della could leave Helm Close, but the Admiral had not responded. When she went on to say that she would like to have Della at Applethwaite he reminded his wife that indefinite visitors were a mistake, and that until she married Della must of necessity live at Helm Close, Della knew what had passed as well as if Mrs. Audley had told her, for she knew the ways of her old friends.

"They are coming back on Thursday evening," she said; and on Thursday evening when she heard the car she went out into the hall to receive

them. As she crossed it she heard Lydia's voice issuing commands, and as she came near the top of the stairs Lydia appeared, followed by Mr. Butler. They both looked well pleased with themselves. Lydia's manner, directly she saw that Della did not mean to kiss her, became aggressively self-assertive. Even as she shook hands she turned her head and made some remark to her husband about an oak chest that she must have moved at once as its present position was stupid. Mr. Butler greeted Della affectionately and said he was delighted to be at home again. After giving some orders about luggage Della followed him into the drawing room and asked if they would like tea.

"I've rung for it," said Lydia shortly. "I should have thought it might have been ready for us."

She had taken the chair in which Della always sat in that room, and when tea came she made an imperious sign to Smith to place the tray in front of her.

"Well, how is every one?" she said to Della when the man had left the room.

"I have not seen many people lately," said Della.

"Why not?"

"Because no one has called, and I have not been about much."

"How are the Audleys? I suppose you have seen them."

"I have seen Admiral and Mrs. Audley. The others are not at home."

"Are they coming to see us or are they stuffy?"

"They have not told me."

"I'm afraid you've had a dull time; though I don't know why the neighborhood should visit our sins on you, do you, Charlie?"

Della jumped. To hear her grey-haired uncle addressed by Lydia as "Charlie," to see him look up all attention from his pile of letters and cir-

culars, to watch them together, intimate, good-humored, and apparently well-satisfied, was more surprising and disconcerting than she had foreseen.

"Della won't be dull now that we have come back," Mr. Butler said. "No one could be dull with you, my dear."

"I thought everyone would join hands and make a pet of you," Lydia continued. "Haven't you been besieged by invitations?"

"I have had about the usual number to tea and lunch," said Della.

"I don't mean that. Has no one offered you a home?"

"Why should they?" said Mr. Butler, looking up again. "Our friends all know that Della's home is here."

"Of course," said Lydia, yawning a little as she got up. "I think I'll go upstairs now. I hope I shall find that you've seen to everything properly. By the way, what did you do with the wedding presents?"

"They were sent back," said Della, more and more amazed at Lydia's brazen allusions to an event that most people, even if they had brought it about, would have buried in silence.

"I suppose no one has sent us any?"

"You couldn't expect that, my dear," said Mr. Butler. "You never seem to realize that what we did was unusual, though we had excellent reasons for it."

"Well, time will be on our side," said Lydia.

Della went straight to the maids' sewing room, where all the afternoon old Martha, who had an undetermined place in the household, was wont to sit with her knitting or her mending. She found as she expected that at this hour Martha was alone there.

"Well, Martha," she said; and Martha knew that the girl she had tended as a child and loved all these years was feeling dejected and forlorn. To see Della turned out of her rooms had hurt her to the quick, and, indeed,

all the older servants were in a state of indignation. Delia had never found herself so tenderly served or so faithfully obeyed as she had done the last six weeks when her reign was over.

"They have coom?" said Martha.

"Yes, they've come."

"And how do the maister seem?"

"Well," said Delia, "and happy."

Martha snorted.

"He were always a butterfly," she said.

Delia, in spite of her troubled mood, laughed, and the laugh left a little light of happiness in the girl's face that had not been there before. Suddenly life had left her very lonely and defenceless, and old Martha's staunch affection was consoling. She went to the bedroom she now occupied and in which she still felt strange, put on her old white net gown, and went down to dinner. She found Lydia standing on the hearthrug surveying her new domain.

"I shall alter this room entirely," she said. "I always did think it hideous."

"Did you?" said Delia, going without thought to her accustomed chair.

"I'll begin at once," said Lydia, glancing at the clock, "it isn't eight yet. Do you mind getting up, Delia? I want to put that chair over there in the bay. It commands the room too much where it is."

"Won't it do to-morrow morning when the housemaids can help you?" said Delia. "You'll find it heavy to shove about alone."

"Can't you help me?"

"Not now, just before dinner. I'll help you to-morrow if you want to change things."

"I certainly mean to change things," said Lydia, and then her husband came in and dinner was announced.

The early hours of Lydia's reign foreshadowed the hours to come. She was tenacious of her rights, contemp-

tuous of tradition, pushing, clever and unscrupulous, good-humored when she had her way, and as quarrelsome as Delia's squirrels when she thought herself slighted or opposed. She was so pretty that she attracted, and she gave herself such airs that she made enemies. She behaved as well as lay in her to her Charlie, and on the whole made a happy man of him; so Delia was spared one pang she had expected; but to Delia she behaved abominably from first to last. Their natures had always been antagonistic. Delia, unlike Mr. Butler, could not be gammoned, and she couldn't adapt herself easily to the new state of things. She had the defects of her fine nature and was rigid in her contempt for tactics that were not quite straight and for ambition she thought vulgar. Lydia meant to be the smartest woman in the country, to set the tone, and, in her vernacular, to make things hum. She could have done these things more effectively if Delia had not been there. Many people showed when they called that they came for Delia's sake, and not for the little person Mr. Butler (silly old man) had married. There was that afternoon when the Hainaults called for instance. They had certainly asked for Lydia and found Lydia, dressed to perfection, in the drawing-room, but they had been as frosty as a March night till Delia appeared, when they thawed at once and made much of her. She had come in straight from the garden in weather-beaten tweeds and a battered hat, and Lydia knew in her heart that the Hainaults thought Delia all right and her own pale green velvet rather absurd. The Hainaults were people who went about in weather-beaten tweeds, but they were not to be ignored. They asked Delia to spend the coming week-end with them, and she accepted with evident pleasure. They told her she would meet the Aysgarths and other folk Lydia only knew



by name at present, but meant to know by hook or by crook. There was a little discussion of days and times and then the Hainaults got up to go. The whole matter had been settled without reference to Lydia, and she was furious.

"Good-bye," Lady Hainault had said.

"Good-bye," Lydia had answered sweetly.

"On Friday, then," said Lady Hainault to Delia, and she had kissed her.

"I am afraid Friday is impossible," Lydia said then, and though she knew it wasn't wise to make them all angry, she enjoyed showing them that she could upset plans made without reference to her. How Lady Hainault had stared and Delia had looked vexed and troubled and the Hainault girls, like their mother, had waited open-eyed.

"Delia can't have the car on Friday," Lydia explained, inventing an obstacle on the spur of the moment. "Mr. Butler and I have an engagement in the opposite direction."

"Oh! is that all?" Lady Hainault said airily, and turned to Delia. "I'll send for you, my dear," she promised, and, without glancing at Lydia again, left the room. Delia went with them, but a little later, when she went back to the drawing-room for tea, she found Lydia in one of her tempers.

"You seem to do it on purpose," she cried.

"What have I done now?" asked Delia, who all her life had been in the right and was now usually in the wrong.

"You come in like a scarecrow when I have callers. It is not polite to them or to me."

Delia went on with her tea.

"We make each other ridiculous," continued Lydia. "It is just as if one man came to dinner in flannels and the other in evening dress."

"I dress as I've always done," said

Delia, "I am not going to garden in pale green velvet."

"But you might change when you come in from the garden."

"My dear Lydia! I can manage my own clothes," said Delia losing her patience.

"Oh! if you take that tone I shall speak to your uncle about it," said Lydia with her most matronly air, and by this time Delia knew what this threat brought about. Mr. Butler, red and stammering with distress, would implore Delia to keep things smooth and give in for the sake of peace, or for his sake, or because dear Lydia hadn't slept well and must be humored, or because it really didn't matter much. And hitherto Delia had always given in because it seemed to her that she had no dignified alternative. It was her uncle's house, and Lydia was his wife.

Although the Hainaults had annoyed Lydia, they uplifted her. After they called every one else called from the various motives that govern a community in such a case. Some came because they were curious, some because they were kind, and the greater number because their neighbors did. Lydia had the felicity of receiving those she wished to know and the felicity of chilling those she wished to avoid. When a bunch of Minchins came scrambling along the drive she luckily met them in the car and could wave a "So sorry" and a smile at them as they huddled amongst the shrubs till she had passed. But when the Gibbottles presumed to call and were shown in by that stupid Smith she enjoyed one of those half hours life offers but rarely. It was a soft October afternoon. She had just come in from the garden after a successful luncheon party. She reflected as the Gibbottles were announced that they must have met three cars full of people who would not know them. She wore a

French tailor-made and French hat so that she was quietly dressed and yet had not lost one touch of the indefinable exotic charm that was one of her assets. Her satirical glance and her slow approach to meet them asked to what she owed the honor and she did not offer them her hand.

"Well, Mrs. Butler, as I suppose I must call you now," said Mrs. Gilbottle coming across the room, "we thought it was only neighborly to call and let bygones be bygones. Algy always said you'd fall on your feet, and my word, he was right."

As the lady spoke she looked about her. She had never been in the house before except when in Della's absence she had forced her way in and written her name in the visitors' book. Then the plainness of the room had surprised her. There were no knick-knacks about, she had exclaimed. Some of the small tables were empty. The piano had nothing at all on it. There were no signed photographs in silver frames, and there were a great many books and flowers. But today she saw a great change. A splendid Eastern embroidery draped the piano, which was crowded with odds and ends Lydia had picked up on her travels. There were still books and flowers, but there were many more cushions and draperies and seductive chairs. The rather bare room had been transformed, and cleverly transformed too. It was not as dignified as it had been and it would not have pleased a fastidious taste, but it was glowing and alive, like Lydia's beauty. It was the setting she had made for herself, and it suited her.

"You've done wonders with this room," said Mrs. Gilbottle benignantly. "I suppose you've a free hand with money now."

"A very free hand evidently," said Magnolia, with an uncomfortable little cackle.

"What a difference a few draperies make," said Jessamine.

Lydia had not spoken yet and she had not asked her visitors to sit down. Her first impulse had been to bid them begone as they had once bid her begone: and then she suddenly changed her mind. It would be more amusing to entertain them. So she rang the bell and sat down. The three ladies took chairs near her. Then Smith appeared, and she told him to bring tea.

"So you thought you'd let bygones be bygones," she said when he had gone again.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gilbottle uncomfortably; "it was Algy's idea."

"Poor Algy!" said Lydia.

"Why do you pity him?" said Magnolia.

"He has such odd ideas."

"He always admired you very much," said Jessamine.

"That wasn't at all a good idea, was it?" said Lydia, and then she blandly changed the subject and talked of the weather, the garden, and what not, till Smith brought in tea.

"You have gone up in the world," said Mrs. Gilbottle when he had gone again. "I haven't better china and silver myself than this, and does Mr. Butler's cook make those cakes?"

"I have quite a good cook at present," said Lydia.

"Is Mr. Butler out?"

"No."

"Doesn't he come in to tea?"

"Not always."

"And Miss Middleton? She is still living here, isn't she? When we heard what had happened we all said she would never stay."

"Will you have any more tea?" said Lydia, who was getting rather tired of it.

"I haven't finished mine yet," said Mrs. Gilbottle, beginning late in the day to take offence at Lydia's manner. Her girls said afterwards that they had

been on pins and needles all the time. They had seen from the first that Lydia was "having" them.

"Well—don't be much longer," she murmured now.

They heard and yet it had been said so softly that to save their dignity they could pretend not to have heard. But Mrs. Gilbottle, rather redder than usual in the face, soon got up. Lydia got up too and rang the bell. Then she sat down again behind her tea-table.

"Good-bye, Mrs Butler," said Mrs. Gilbottle.

"Good-bye," said Lydia.

Mrs. Gilbottle waited, a ponderous and awkward figure, for the lady of the house to get up and shake hands. But the lady of the house did not move.

"I hope you will soon come and see us and bring your husband," said the misguided woman, while her daughters angrily turned on their heels and left her to her fate. "Can you come to lunch one day?"

"I'm afraid not," said Lydia.

"To tea then?"

"My good woman—" began Lydia slowly.

"What did you call me?"

"I called you a good woman; but it was a slip of the tongue. I didn't mean it."

"I should hope not," said Mrs Gilbottle, white with anger now, instead of red.

"Good-bye," said Lydia, airily, and wagged her fingers at the door which had just been opened by Smith. She let a minute or two elapse and then she went into the library and gave a bowdlerized version of the interview to Mr. Butler and Delia. A week later she met the whole family at a bazaar and cut them. In spite of this, Algy Gilbottle, whose belief in himself was indestructible, came up to her and asked her to put half-a-crown in a raffle. She was talking to Lord Halvauld at the time, but she opened the

gold purse she carried, took out half-a-crown, and bestowed it on her former admirer as you bestow a penny on a tramp. He said something that she did not answer, and when he addressed her a third time, she showed him the cold shoulder so literally that he siled away.

"It's no use," he said to his mother; "she won't look at us."

"And it isn't a year since we turned her out of the house," said Mrs. Gilbottle.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The Audleys had not called on Lydia yet. For Delia's sake, Mrs. Audley meant to do so, but she did not hurry there.

"After all, my dear, the little wretch jilted our boy . . . on the very day she was to marry him," she said to the Admiral.

"Thanks be," said he.

"Certainly; but my point is that she behaved badly, and so did Mr. Butler."

"Butler is a silly ass," said the Admiral; "but I don't owe him a grudge. He did us a turn when he relieved Jem of that baggage."

"Poor Delia! I wonder how she gets on," said Mrs. Audley. "She never says much; but she doesn't look happy."

It was impossible that Delia should be happy. Lydia's policy was one of pin-pricks delivered with a smiling face when Mr. Butler was present, but as often as not without smiles when he was away. In her old home, where she had been paramount so long, Delia had no assured place and no authority. She could have stood that if Lydia had been friendly, but she was not. She seemed to owe Delia a grudge and to take every chance of paying it. At the same time she wanted for the present to keep Delia at Helm Close. She knew very well that most of the people who called came chiefly for Delia's sake. Delia herself never

troubled about such things. Those who came were her old friends and acquaintances, and she found it trying to meet them under the new conditions. When she could she avoided it. But no way of escape had presented itself so far. She had not been brought up to earn her bread, she had not been asked to eat it anywhere else, and she had no independent means. The truth had come upon her gradually, but with alarming force: but for her uncle's grace she was as penniless as Lydia had been a year ago. Where she had reigned as queen she now endured as a dependent. She had to stand aside, to watch extravagance she thought preposterous, a display she knew to be absurd. When Lydia gave her first dinner party the table and sideboard were so overloaded with gold and silver plate, with hothouse flowers and with fruits out of season, the menu was so long and costly, and most of the men waiting were so obviously hired, that Della felt ashamed. Such banquets were out of all relation with the traditions of Helm Close, and suggested the dustman turned millionaire. For, clever as Lydia was, she had not learned the art of spending money without crudely insisting on her money's worth. She remembered Della's well cooked, well served, quiet dinners, and desired to outdo them: so she overdid everything, as is the way of her kind.

"I can't think why you kept all these stores of plate hidden," she said to Della. "Why didn't you use it?"

"We used all we wanted," said Della.

As it happened, the Audleys chose the day of this first dinner party to pay their belated first call, and though Lydia was anxious to resume relations with Applethwaite, she could not hide the fact that she was out of humor. They arrived at tea-time, and Della

had just said that she did not wish to go in to dinner with Mr. Popplestone.

"I can't rearrange the whole table to please you," Lydia said, snappishly.

"It isn't necessary," said Della, looking at the list in her hand. "You need only change Mr. Popplestone and Franky Dale."

Then the Audleys had been shown in, and before they found seats Mr. Butler arrived too. The first awkwardness of their meeting was covered by the little necessities of the moment. Mrs. Audley took off a long fur coat, the Admiral asked for whiskey and soda instead of tea. By the time every one had settled down they were used to being together again, and were talking about the Hospital Ball which was to take place a few days before Christmas. Mrs. Audley had a great deal to do with the invitations and arrangements, and she asked Della if she would come and spend a week or two at Applethwaite soon and help her. She had urged the Admiral to second her invitation, and as he was extremely fond of Della, he did so warmly, even though under the circumstances Della would be a "visitor."

"I shall be delighted to come," said Della.

"When do you want Della?" put in Lydia, who had been listening to what passed as she poured out tea.

"About a fortnight before Christmas; and over Christmas too if she can be spared then."

"I am afraid we can't spare her," said Lydia, coolly.

Even the Admiral noticed her tone and thought it unbecoming. I say "even the Admiral" because you know what men of his kind are. Shades of speech and conduct are as completely hidden from them as the meaning of Assyrian tablets from most of us; and when their womenfolk interpret for them they either grunt or say "stuff

and nonsense.' The Admiral granted now and mixed himself a whisky and soda.

"What do you say, Delia?" he asked.

"I have said that I would come with pleasure," she replied at once.

"Your first duty is to your uncle and me," said Lydia primly. "We shall want you here to help us with some theatricals I mean to have on my birthday, and to take a part in them."

"Are you going to have theatricals? I had not heard of it."

"No. I was waiting to tell you till I had settled everything. But we think of having some, don't we, Charlie?"

"I believe you did say so a week ago," said Mr. Butler uncomfortably, "but I thought you had changed your mind and that a dance——"

"I have quite made up my mind to theatricals," said Lydia, "and I shall want Delia to help and to act."

"I can't act," said Delia.

"You can take a small part. I haven't cast you for a big one."

"But have you chosen a play, my dear?" asked Mr. Butler.

"Yes," said Lydia without hesitation. "But I am not going to tell anyone what it is yet."

"Well, you must let me know what you decide," said Mrs. Audley, addressing Delia; and a little later, while the men went off to the library for a short pipe, she found that her veil wanted rearranging and got away with her for a moment.

"Never mind my veil," she said as she crossed the hall in the direction of Delia's old sitting-room in the wing; "I only want to talk to you."

"Come upstairs, then," said Delia, and took her to the rooms she now occupied.

"So you are here?" asked Mrs. Audley.

"You know Lydia has taken my old rooms," said Delia.

"I know. Are things very bad, my child?"

"They are, rather—you see I haven't a penny of my own—I'm in a cleft stick."

"What does she mean by objecting to your coming to Applethwaite?"

"I'm afraid she likes to make herself unpleasant and to make me feel that she has the power," said Delia steadily. She spoke without animus, as you speak when you describe the ways of some odd obscure beast you watch for the first time: and it was in fact the first time that Delia and Mrs. Audley had been forced into intimate contact with a person of Lydia's breeding and disposition. They walked slowly downstairs together, and Delia went to the dining-room door and opened it.

"We have a dinner-party to-night," she said. "Look!" She turned on the light and Mrs. Audley did look. The table was loaded with gold and silver plate and with an elaborate arrangement of chrysanthemums. The side-board was loaded, too, with salvers, bowls, racing cups, candelabras, and epergnes.

"I had no idea your uncle possessed all these things," said Mrs. Audley with a twinkle of amusement. "You look as if you had robbed a City Company."

"Here is the menu."

"But surely your Mrs. Harrison hasn't cooked all this?"

"Oh, no. We have a cook from Manchester."

"But who are coming?"

"Chiefly Mr. Popplestone and two Dale boys and the Lanes from Holly Cottage and Canon and Mrs. Wilkins."

"If it had been the Hainaults now and the Luxullions——"

"When they come we shall dine on ponies or in boats, I suppose," said Delia wearily, and put out the lights.

She did not go back to the drawing-



room after the Audleys left. As far as possible she avoided sitting with Lydia when she was by herself; and today she did not wish to resume the argument about the theatricals and her visit to Applethwaite. She saw that her personal independence was actually at stake in the house where she had ruled for so long, and that the moment would come when she must fight for it. But she saw, too, that a struggle might lead to a rupture so that her sojourn here became impossible, and unless her uncle made her an allowance she did not know what she could do next. A tidal wave does not wreck the coast it invades more suddenly and completely than this marriage had wrecked her position and prospects. Lydia was so rapacious, and Mr. Butler was so blind, that Della hardly expected to get an allowance on which she could live.

The guests had arrived when she went into the drawing-room that night looking her best; for though her thoughts were troubled she bore herself gallantly and maintained the dignity of manner that none of Lydia's attacks were able to impair. Directly she appeared Mr. Popplestone came up to her and said he was delighted to find that he was to take her in to dinner. So Lydia had not obliged her by making the suggested change, and she was to have as her neighbor a man she had hardly spoken to since she refused his offer of marriage. Her spirits fell as she watched him shuffle from one foot to the other, and nearly upset Mrs. Wilkins by keeping a firm foot on her train. As she walked to the dining-room on his arm her thoughts went back to the last time they had walked together, when he had spoken of Lydia as a little adventuress and foreseen her designs on Mr. Butler. She wondered what he thought of the turn of affairs, and of Lydia's career since that memorable afternoon. She felt sure

he would not avoid the subject, and the first words he spoke as they sat down proved her right.

"How different everything looks to-night," he began. "Last time I was here you sat at the head of the table and we had dinner. This is evidently a banquet. I wonder if there is anything in this long list that I dare eat? Oysters—not for the world; clear soup—I never touch it. I can translate so far, but I have no idea what a *Marcelote* is or a *Mazarine*; have you? Why do they write these things in French I wonder?—but this is all printed. I should be afraid to have a menu printed myself. Suppose something went wrong at the last moment?"

Della, who was eating her oysters, made some vague and amiable reply that seemed to satisfy him, but the general arrangement of the table did not.

"I can't see who sits opposite," he complained. "Why is the table loaded with all those funeral urns and fruits and plants?"

"You are not meant to see the people opposite," said Della. "You are supposed to talk to Mrs. Lane and me."

"Mrs. Lane is deaf, so if I talk to her I shall get laryngitis," said Mr. Popplestone. "How magnificently Mrs. Butler is dressed to-night. Are those diamonds heirlooms?"

"I believe Uncle Charles inherited them, with everything else, from his uncle."

"Then they might have belonged to you!"

Della pretended to be deaf like Mrs. Lane, and turned to her next neighbor. But Mr. Popplestone took the first opportunity of claiming her attention again.

"Do you remember our walk together this spring in the Daffodil Valley?" he asked.

"I remember it very well," said Della.

"I've turned out right; haven't I?"

"I suppose you have—in the end."

"I didn't foresee the interlude, I admit. Where is Jem Audley now?"

"In London."

"Did he take it very hard?"

"You had better ask him. I don't know."

"H'm," said Mr. Popplestone; "I should have thought you would have known. You were great friends, weren't you?"

"I hope we are still."

Mr. Popplestone, who was not eating much dinner, allowed his eyes to rest on the mistress of the house. She blazed with diamonds and she wore the poppy-red dress that she had worn once before at Applethwaite.

"I wonder if she will settle down?" he said in a ruminating way. "I shouldn't wonder. Is she easy to get on with? I never got on with her myself. I was surprised she invited me to-night. I supposed she had some reason."

The man was certainly a curious mixture of acumen and denseness, reflected Della. He trod on your toes and offended your sensibilities, but he also opened your eyes. Lydia's reason for encouraging Mr. Popplestone became plain to Della in one of those sudden, uncomfortable silences that are sometimes more illuminating than an argument. It happened at dessert, when Lydia began talking about her theatricals and asked Mr. Popplestone if she might cast him for a small part.

"What is the part?" he inquired.

"A policeman," said Lydia, "and Della would be your wife."

"I shall be delighted," said Mr. Popplestone; and it was then that a moment's hush fell on the table. Mr. Popplestone spoke with such enthusiasm that no one who heard him could put it down to the prospect of acting a policeman. Della, on the impulse of

the moment, felt bound to make a protest.

"I am not going to act at all, Lydia," she said, "and I shall probably be at Applethwaite over Christmas."

"Oh! Applethwaite must do without you," said Lydia lightly; and as she spoke she caught Mrs. Wilkins's eye and rose from the table.

But such peace of mind as had been left to Della was gone now. She had wondered a little why Mr. Popplestone had been invited to-night, for it had not been necessary, and no one in the house liked him. Now she understood both the invitation and the place given him at dinner. Financially he was about the only eligible match in the neighborhood, so if Lydia tried to force him on Della she would have Mammon on her side. The world did not love him, but it knew him to be well-to-do, and it would never guess at the humiliation underlying such an intrigue. But Della's blood was up. Here was something she could justifiably resent and refuse. Domestic pin-pricks she could only meet by an assumption of indifference she was often far from feeling, but this she would not endure; and after dinner, before the men came into the drawing-room, she threw down her glove. Lydia, in her complacent little guttural voice, told the elderly ladies around her that she thought theatricals would bring the young people of the neighborhood together and keep them lively and amused.

"I should not have thought anything would make Mr. Popplestone lively," said one of them.

"Oh! Della and I believe in him," said Lydia, smiling at her coffee cup.

"I have always thought him the most tiresome person I know," said Della straight-forwardly. She wanted to make her position plain for once and for ever.

"He is assiduous . . . certainly," said Lydia, raising her eyes and meet-

ling those of the nearest lady with a smile. It was the smile of the young matron interested in a love affair that she hopes will end well. But when the men came in she made no attempt to bring Della and Mr. Popplestone together. She knew better than that. She sat on a sofa and talked to him herself apparently about the theatricals; and every now and then she would turn to Della with some question that forced her to make a third in their parley. Once by some sleight of hand with a book of costumes she left them isolated and conspicuous, but Della instantly walked away and for the rest of the evening talked to Canon Wilkins. But when everyone had gone she spoke her mind. Her uncle had gone into the library for his usual pipe, and she was standing with Lydia near the drawing-room fire.

"What a collection of bores, and how late they stayed," Lydia said yawning.

It was not according to Della's code to belittle departing guests; besides, she had other ideas in her mind.

"I am not going to take any part in these theatricals, Lydia, and I am going to Applethwaite," she said. "We had better come to a clear understanding."

"I am quite clear that I want you for the theatricals," said Lydia. "If you go to Applethwaite you can come to and fro for rehearsals."

"I have told you that I can't act."

"Of course you can't act," said Lydia derisively; "I don't suppose you can do anything but be Miss Middleton or Helm Close. But you can dress yourself up and say half a dozen sentences."

"I will do it on one condition."

"Well!"

"That Franky Dale takes the part of the policeman. I am not going to act with Mr. Popplestone. I have read the play, and nothing will induce me

to go through that scene with him. I suppose the play you mean is that one we looked at the other day, where a half drunken policeman makes love to his wife—a sort of parody of the scene in 'The Doll's House.'"

"What a prude you are! It's only acting."

Della was silent. Lydia fidgeted with the ornaments on the chimney-piece as if they were not placed quite to her liking.

"Charles says that Mr. Popplestone has about four thousand a year," she observed after a short pause.

"A very comfortable income," said Della. "Good-night, Lydia."

"It is rather unfortunate, isn't it, that you once did your best to make a match between Mr. Popplestone and me?"

"Why?"

"It makes it difficult for you to pretend that I am committing a crime when I hope that his *penchant* for you will find a happy close. Frankly I do."

"I'm afraid I can't influence either your hopes or your reflections," said Della. "I am not going to marry Mr. Popplestone, and that is all there is to say."

"A girl in your position never knows what kind of marriages she may be glad to make," said Lydia. "Look at me!"

"What do you mean by 'my position?'"

Lydia shrugged her shoulders.

"It is much the same as mine was when I came here, isn't it?" she said.

"It is not in any sense of the word the same," said Della.

"I had no money then. You have none now."

"Money is not everything."

"It was what made the difference between us."

"My dear Lydia!"

Della's tone for once was stinging, and she turned contemptuously away.

"Good-night," she said as she reached the door, but Lydia did not answer.

The Times.

She was quivering with rage and a sense of failure.

(To be continued.)

## THE YOUNG IDEA 'TWIXT SQUARE AND THWACKUM.

The rival preceptors chosen by Fielding's Allworthy for the foundling to whom he had given a home, reflected or foreshadowed the different conceptions of moral and mental nurture, afterwards to find more definite expression and illustration in the writers, recalled by the titles prefixed to these remarks. Throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century the educational and disciplinary regimen of English households was based upon the principles respectively advocated by the divine, Thwackum, or the philosopher, Square. Neither of these types is credited in *Tom Jones* with the extension of any influence beyond the roof that sheltered them. The didactic experiments of both have been freely made on the youth of successive generations during the hundred and sixty-three years following the novel's first appearance. The two competitive systems will best explain themselves in Fielding's own words. Square, it will be remembered, held human nature to be a perfection of all virtue, and vice a deviation from the normal in the same manner as is deformity of the body. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind, since the fall, was nothing but a sink of iniquity, till purified and redeemed by grace (through the persuasive influence of the rod). Square measured everything by the unalterable rule of right and by eternal fitness; Thwack-

um decided all questions by authority. In doing this he used the Scriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his *Coke upon Littleton*, where the comment is of equal authority to the text.

The different veins of moral teaching derived from the two masters traversed uninterruptedly the juvenile literature of the middle and upper classes between the Wesleys and Whitefield in the Georgian era and the nineteenth century years of High Anglican ascendancy during which Charlotte Yonge, from the profits of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, fitted out her schooner for Bishop Selwyn's apostolical voyages, or with the two thousand pounds earned by *The Daisy Chain*, built a missionary college in New Zealand. Notwithstanding the differences of standpoint, the training of the mind and the formation of character occupied scarcely less attention in the earlier as in the later period. Henry Fielding's epoch was saturated by the literary or moral forces that before him had produced a Wesley, and that after him were to bear their fruit in such opposites as a Whitefield, a John Newton, a Mrs. Sherwood, a Lovell Edgeworth, and a Thomas Day. The creator of Square and Thwackum knew more about youthful teaching in theory and practice than he put into *Tom Jones* or any other of his fictions. Educational controversialists were, indeed, more abundant and long-winded in the days of the Georges than in those of Queen Victoria. Fielding had studied the matter in all its aspects. The landscape surroundings of Ralph Allen's Prior Park, Bath, may not be

\*Maria Edgeworth's Works, 6 vols. (Macmillan); Maria Edgeworth's "Early Lessons" (Routledge); Charlotte Yonge's Novels (Macmillan); "Life and Times of Mrs. Sherwood." Edited by F. J. Harvie Darton; "English Men of Letters: Fielding." By Austin Dobson (Macmillan); "One Look Back." By the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell (Dent).

exactly those amid which Allworthy's abode is set. As to the identity, however, of *Tom Jones's* patron with the earliest and greatest of Bath worthies there can be no doubt. In munificence and magnanimity the Ralph Allen of history surpassed the Allworthy of fiction. "The greatest character in any age of the world," exclaimed Bishop Warburton of Allen, on hearing that he had repaid Chatham's affronts by a legacy of a thousand pounds.

In Allen's library Fielding first read up the subject of education, never doubting it would some day prove useful for literary padding. In point of time Fielding and Rousseau overlapped each other, the Englishman being the older by five years. *Tom Jones* appeared in 1749, *Emile* in 1762. But for these dates Square's views about the excellence of human nature already quoted might have been adapted from those which Rousseau, in his capacity of educational reformer, so repeatedly proclaimed. But though on this subject some of Rousseau's teaching may conceivably have got wind while Fielding lived, the resemblance between certain phrases in *Tom Jones* and *Emile* is explained by the fact that Rousseau himself was less the founder of a school than the disciple of a sixteenth-century master, Montaigne, of whom Fielding knew a great deal. Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* (1603), and Cotton's (1685), had given an English vogue to these compositions and to their author, which reached its height during Fielding's Eton days, and flavored the talk of the clever boys of whom he saw most, including the elder Pitt, Pratt (Lord Camden), and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Montaigne's own teachers had been George Buchanan and Muretus. Hence the germs of Rousseau's philosophy are all to be found in Montaigne. Jean Jacques, in fact, and Square had both derived their ideas

from the same source and put them in nearly identical words. Fielding, too, had been under exceptionally well-informed private tutors at his Dorset and Somerset homes. Amid all these opportunities of contemporary knowledge Fielding no doubt heard how, in 1749, Rousseau, at the age of thirty-seven, had made his first great leap to European notoriety by the attacks on the traditional mode of mental and moral training in his prize essay at Dijon University. That composition could not exactly show Fielding what would be forthcoming in *Emile*; it would have enabled him to see that, so far from having invented a system entirely new, Rousseau was to a great extent restating the opinions not only of Montaigne, but of other European authorities on the subject. The list would have been headed by the English Queen Elizabeth's tutor, Roger Ascham.

Even Ascham was not absolutely the first to take the field. Thirty years before *The Schoolmaster* appeared, Paul III., in 1540, issued the Bull making the instruction of the young to all intents and purposes a Jesuit monopoly. That momentous edict entrusted the followers of Ignatius Loyola with the grounding of boys and ignorant persons in the Christian religion. Gradually, however, the Jesuit schools and their staff became famous for their secular and general rather than religious teaching. These institutions leavened not only Europe, but the entire civilized world; they had their headquarters at Rome, and in an incredibly short time boys of all nations, trained into subtle propagandists and acute dialecticians, were despatched from the city of the Cæsars on proselytizing missions to the uttermost ends of the earth. During more than a hundred years before the opening of modern history the entire fabric of European education rested on a



Jesuit basis and conformed itself to Jesuit models. Protestant parents placed their children in Jesuit schools because they were better than any others. It was at least the genuine and original article of which all the rest were copies. The reputation these schools enjoyed and the influence they exercised may be judged from the fact that Francis Bacon notices not unfavorably their methods, while Descartes was among their pupils. In 1584 the system received the final form which ever since it has presented. That was the year of a Papal Commission inquiring into the theory and practice of teaching throughout the civilized world. The results thus gained guided and helped those who drew up the *Ratio atque Institutio Studiorum Societatis Jesu*. Of that scheme the motto was *Non multa sed multum*, and the object the training of the mind rather than the acquisition of knowledge. The actual subjects of the curriculum were mere matters of detail.

Such were the doctrine and the usage, with reference to which so inveterate a Tory classicist as Hookham Frere remarked, "The old Papists were right in recognizing that what boys are taught matters little so long as they are taught well and made to use the muscles of their mind." The harvest of the mediæval Jesuit labors was reaped, not only by the Humanists of the new *renaissance* generally, but in particular by the English educationist who came eighteen years before Montaigne, and who by his personal teaching, as well as by his lectures, did something towards forming and furnishing the intellect of the great Tudor Queen. "Before," said Ascham, "the boy is taught his syntax, he must have learned to use all his senses aright. As for languages, lessons in conversation should go together with lectures in grammar. So long as it be equal to the expression of living wants and

ideas, no language is dead, and, whatever its character, can be properly learned by conversation alone." To revive and illustrate these views was the object of an international movement, in which a decade or two since George Long, J. E. B. Mayor of Cambridge, and J. Y. Sargent, of Oxford, all took part. Seventy-seven years later, in the same century as his predecessor, the Hungarian, John Amos Comenius, permeated Europe with Ascham's counsels.

By nationality and religion, a descendant of John Huss, Comenius, one of the Moravian Brotherhood, had taken our own Francis Bacon as preceptor and pattern in exposing the scholastic teacher's indifference to Nature and its realities. With such good results did he teach that Lewis de Geer, a wealthy Dutch merchant, known as the Grand Almoner of Europe, despatched him on an educational mission which embraced the whole Western world. "Things, not words," was his motto. All knowledge comes through the senses. These, therefore, must be disciplined to alertness and precision before the boy is troubled with books. Here Comenius had been anticipated by one who belonged to a generation almost as early as Ascham's. This was Montaigne, already referred to as the earliest exponent of the educational gospel according to Rousseau. Thus, had he confined his search to the fifteen or sixteen hundreds, Fielding would have found ample materials for that portrait of Square. That might serve for a prophetic satire, not only on Rousseau, but his English pupils, R. L. Edgeworth and Day. In advance of those already mentioned Sturm (1507-1589) had led the growing movement against the exclusion of all non-classical subjects from the regular course. Montaigne (1533-1592) saw the great blemish of the mediæval spirit generally in its failure to place the

culture of the body on the same footing as that of the mind. Even in England such educationists as John Milton and John Locke would have enabled Fielding accurately to anticipate and to satirize without distorting Rousseauism long before Rousseau's day. The constant study of words, all these early educationists complained, has made the world nothing but babble. Away, therefore, with the Athenian example, and let us habituate our young people to the Lacedæmonian model; for the Spartans, instead of cudgelling their brains about phrases, after the Attic manner, made it their business to inquire into realities. They thus superseded the eternal chatter of the tongue by a continual exercise of the soul. These doctrines formed the foundation on which not only Rousseau, but our own Locke and Hamilton raised their didactic structure. This entire philosophy of teaching may be summed up in the advice: habitually keep in the most perfect condition all the faculties, bodily and intellectual. So will there be learning without tears during childhood. So, too, at a later stage will come by a spontaneous process all necessary knowledge of books, of life, of the world.

To this effect, too, were the views held by Square about Nature's complete sufficiency for whatever concerned the lower or higher welfare of her human creatures. Where, then, could come in the Divine Thwackum's teachings about a supernatural grace? Philosopher Square, however, in his various incarnations, must not eclipse the equally typical Thwackum and his followers. Both these characters, according to Mr. Austin Dobson, were drawn from life—Square from one Chubb, a Deist; Thwackum from Hele, a schoolmaster. Each, it seems, was a Salisbury notability; though it is permissible to disagree with Mr. Dobson as regards the Wiltshire city being

that in whose neighborhood the early action of the novel is laid. Twerton, where Fielding lodged during the years in which he was Ralph Allen's daily dinner guest, is a suburb of Bath. Allworthy, it may be taken for proved, was drawn from Fielding's host; Squire Western speaks the broadest "Zummerbet," and glories in doing so. In another Bath district, Claverton, the novelist also lived a great deal. And for special reasons at that time he was likely to have seen there another original with as good a claim as the schoolmaster to have been Thwackum in the flesh. For between 1746 and 1791 Bristol and Bath, not less than Spa Fields, London, overflowed with evangelical ecclesiastics of Lady Huntingdon's making. The Countess has been drawn to the life by Mr. G. W. E. Russell as a Calvinist of the straitest sort, severing, we are reminded, her Wesleyan connection in 1770 because its conference in that year had officially adopted the doctrine of universal redemption. A very arbitrary and formidable person was the devout Countess, to whom professional masters like Wesley and Whitefield expressed themselves with more than deference when talking about subjects on which they might be expected to speak with such authority as the sure evidence of the new birth or of the attainment to final perseverance. Gradually her pet preachers caught even in their table talk *à la* Thwackum something of their patroness's peremptory tone. At Bath, too, or in its neighborhood, Fielding saw most of the Thwackum traits in the pastors who danced attendance on the Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Cholmondeley, Lady Gainsborough, all of them Lady Huntingdon's coadjutors in the great work. Among these Evangelical dames of quality, Hannah More's inferiority in rank was more than compensated by the prestige of her pen, as well as by the monumental piety that

caused Horace Walpole to salute her as "Holy Hannah," the gift of whose *Sacred Dramas* to the future statesman when an infant, as Mr. Russell relates,\* laid the foundation of W. E. Gladstone's great library.

From Hannah More descends the entire succession of seriously improving writers for the young, opening with Mrs. Sherwood, continued to Miss Marsh and Miss Charlesworth. Till within the last year or two nearly the oldest incumbent of an English benefice was Henry Martyn Sherwood. His mother it was who wrote *The Fairchild Family*. He himself, born in India two years before the battle of Waterloo, had held the living of Aston White Ladies from 1839 till he resigned it in 1911, just a twelve-month before his death. Among the Sherwood family's eighteenth-century intimates was an ancestress of Bishop Winnington Ingram. This lady as a child often saw Martyn Sherwood at Lichfield, and knew him for the original of Henry Fairchild in his mother's once famous book. She also, while carrying a copy of *Rasselas*, then recently out, met its author one day in Lichfield Close. "What book have you got there, little girl?" asked Johnson. "Let me see!" Suiting the action to the word, the doctor seized the volume and threw it among the graves. "A very suitable destination" might, in her maturer years, have thought the *Fairchild* chronicler, seeing that the cold commendations of virtue in *Rasselas*, unaccompanied by comments of denominational piety, must have made it seem to her unspiritual and therefore an irreligious and pestilential volume.

Martha Mary Butt, the Evangelical authoress, was born in 1755 at Stanford, Worcestershire, where her father was clergyman. An exceptionally strong,

constitution brought her uninjured through the domestic discipline of that rectory. Never allowed to sit in her parents' presence, to come near the fire, to ask for a second helping, she habitually had to wear an iron collar with a backboard strapped to it. Thus equipped she was made to stand the greater part of the day, as in a sort of stocks. She could thus describe, from sympathetic experience, the smart strokes of his saintly father's punitive rod inflicted on Master Fairchild when he refused to learn his Latin grammar—"not," as the boy said, "because I cannot, but because if I learnt it to-day, something more troublesome would be given me to-morrow." A couple of generations ago English households might have been divided into two kinds: those with whom *The Fairchild Family* was a schoolroom or nursery manual, and those of the drier Anglican sort, where week-day religion was not much in evidence. Mrs. Sherwood's literary course was from the first one of unbroken success. While entirely unknown, she had, within two years of her start, made between fifty and a hundred pounds with her pen. Her reputation once established, the seventy odd works, that included the story already mentioned, proved a perfect gold mine. She thus supplied a voluminous antidote to the godless ethics of other writers, and, in her own way, spiritualized Maria Edgeworth's *Parents' Assistant*.

That work, the circumstances of its production, and the personal associations of its author, marked a reaction from Thwackum towards Square in the literary catering for the young idea. Something of that sort was to have been expected from the recent triumph of the Thwackum methods at Wesley's Kingswood School, near Bristol, removed to Lansdowne, Bath, in 1851. For this Wesley had acted on the Ger-

\* See also Lord Morley's "Gladstone," Vol. I., p. 12.

man proverb, "He that plays when he is a boy, will play when he is a man." His scholars as boys should learn nothing they would have to unlearn thereafter. So everything like play was forbidden.

"Above all things, take care that you do not break his spirit" had been the caution with which Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, committed his second son Charles to the tutors and governors engaged for him. Wesley's motto for the schoolboy of all ages was, "Scourge his body if haply you may save his soul."

Such, we have seen, was the prevailing Evangelical principle of Mrs. Sherwood's younger days. With a belief in its saving wholesomeness, she wrote the most successful book for the young produced in the period preceding that of Charlotte Yonge. Though her childhood had been mostly spent in Worcestershire, Martha Butt, who became Mrs. Sherwood in 1795, knew something of Lichfield's literary traditions by more than mere hearsay; Samuel Johnson had died when she was eight years old. Miss Seaward remained till the influences personified in Whitefield, John Newton, and, above all, John Wesley, had sufficiently matured her power with the pen for designing a work that would mark a spiritual era in family reading as a corrective to the pure secularism of *Sanford and Merton*, by Thomas Day, himself admitted to the Lichfield set in 1783. As a mere piece of writing Mrs. Sherwood's book stands on a higher level than Day ever reached. With piety, as with genius itself, has generally gone some sense of humor; if not always consciously displayed, it relieves from time to time the sombre Calvinism of the kindly natured but theologically austere Mrs. Sherwood. The overcast heaven, the leafless landscape, and the moaning wind of an autumnal day deepen in the terrified

child, still smarting from the family birch, a haunting terror lest he should have for ever lost the heavenly favor sensibly enjoyed in his unrebelling days. Tears of torment and panic roll down his face as he realizes he must perish everlastingly unless his papa, as Deity's own vice-gerent, forgives his recent naughtiness, and, the unlearned Latin grammar lesson duly mastered, restores him to his place at the family table.

With these tragic tints, lighter and even comic hues are mingled, as, for instance, in the description of the carnal Crosby's visit to the saintly Fairchild roof. Mistrusting his host's resources, the newcomer brings with him a haunch of venison and what Smaucker, the Bath footman, would have called "the usual trimmings." Poor Crosby cannot conceal his agony lest the carving of the joint should be done by hands not so expert as his own, and thus something of its charm be lost; he contrived, however, to get the best cut for himself, and bedews the dinner-napkin under his chin with tears of thankful relief when he finds the meat unspoiled in the roasting, the potatoes, his own growth, boiled to a turn, and the red currant jelly partaken of by no one but himself. Mr. Fairchild, being a gentleman as well as a pietist, apparently beams pleasantly through his spectacles upon his guest's manifest satisfaction with his cook. He promptly, however, improves the occasion, when the visitors have driven off in their chariot, by a neat little homily upon selfish fastidiousness in the matter of food—not, as it would have been treated by the Day and Edgeworth school, as unworthy of a reasonable being, but as spiritually undistinguishable from the deadly sin of gluttony. Even in this life religion may sometimes be its own reward.

Soon after the epicurean Crosby's

departure, Mr. Fairchild comes in for a snug legacy, including a comfortable country house in a pleasant park. Thither, of course, the family migrate. Wealth being always more difficult to bear than adversity, many domestic troubles await them at their new residence. The parents have gone on before, the two children follow with the faithful servants, John and Mary. Traveling has sharpened the young people's appetites. They feast by the way too freely on beefsteak and onions. The stately home, devised to their papa by a relative's will, is safely reached. The next morning Master Fairchild, dressed as befits the family's fresh fortunes, complacently surveys himself in a looking-glass, and, in the character of the young squire, explores the modest grounds and the stableyard buildings, that will, he proudly reflects, some day become his own. After the pride, the fall. With something of proprietorial swagger the little boy inspects the various objects around him—amongst them an open barrel, exhaling no sweet odors. Looking too curiously inside, he loses his balance, to find himself in a bath of pigs'-wash. Another day he and his sisters pay a call upon a godly farmer. The sun is hot; the Worcestershire cider, with which the visitors are regaled by the farmer's wife, is sweet, refreshing, too seductive, and, alas! too strong for the little heads. They return home with flushed faces that tell their own tale but too plainly. The rest is silence.

Between the young people of *Sanford and Merton* and those of *The Fairchild Family* the difference is that which separates the children of the Baker Street waxworks from those of the adjoining Regent's Park on a Bank Holiday. The young Fairchilds have nothing about them of the machine-made-juvenile. They are genuine boys and girls, uncowed by Calvinism, healthily frolic-

some amid surroundings typically English; both personages and environment are described in the purest and simplest English, revealing at every turn the well educated, well bred, not less than the genial woman who drew them. This is exactly what Mrs. Sherwood was shown to have been by her latest biography (1910), based upon an older record (1854)—three years, that is, after her death. The most attractive features of the original life reappear in the later issue. Mrs. Sherwood's grandfather, Dr. Butt, had been chaplain to George III. Thus glimpses, at least entirely fresh so far as they go, of the old Court life blend with cosmopolitan sketches of social Europe during the French Revolution, of French *émigrés* wandering homeless up and down the Continent, eventually to find an asylum for the most part in hospitable East Anglia. At each successive stage of these memoirs Mrs. Sherwood remains the central and most interesting figure. The curtain rises on a shrinking but self-possessed young lady in Midland drawing-rooms, patted on the head by Erasmus Darwin, petted by Walter Savage Landor; then, going a Thames-side tour, she passes a few days at Reading, as guest of the headmaster, Dr. Valpy, of *Delectus* fame. Soon the scene shifts. Martha Butt, as Captain Sherwood's bride, makes a round of farewell visits, amongst others to Hannah More at Barley Wood, to Mary Russell Mitford at Reading, shortly before her establishment at Swallowfield Park, and to Elizabeth Fry in London. Mrs. Sherwood was not again to be much with her earliest friends until after she had gained a practical, minute acquaintance with British and Indian camp-life. During her husband's twenty years' Asiatic soldiering she had worked with the missionary, Henry Martyn first, and with the good men he had gathered about him afterwards.



On the return to England the Sherwood tent was pitched in Worcestershire, at or near Malvern, a little later at Twickenham. At one or other of these places was finished *The Fairchild Family*, begun in Hindustan so far back as 1818. No serious decline in this story's popularity set in till the 'seventies. Now it is experiencing something like a revival; for not only has the original work gone into a new edition, but it has been reproduced in an abridged version for infant readers. All this has helped to create a new demand for author-esses directly deriving themselves from Mrs. Sherwood. From *The Fairchild Family* grew Miss Charlesworth's *Ministering Children* and Miss Marsh's *Captain Hedleys Vicars*, once ubiquitous Low Church manuals, now ranking as Evangelical classics.

Thus for more than half a century, in the nursery and the schoolroom as well as in the family circle, Thwackum has proved at least a prolific and energizing literary force. Not that during this time he has always shaken himself clear of his ancient rival, now for the most part a spiritualized Square—who, by the bye, can boast the far more ancient pedigree of the two. Thwackum only goes back to Wesley; Square reflects or presages the pedagogic philosophy instituted by Montaigne, Ascham, Comenius, improved or sytematized by Locke, and culminating in Rousseau. The earliest among the English educationists who sat at Rousseau's feet was Richard Warburton Lytton, the novelist's grandfather. The best known probably were Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Maria Edgeworth's father, and Thomas Day, of *Sanford and Merton*. Either of these, had chronology permitted, might have been Fielding's model for philosopher Square. As a fact, there occurred incidents in the lives of both irresistibly recalling the Square and

Molly Seagrim episode in *Tom Jones*. The reigning beauties in the Lichfield society as seen by Mrs. Sherwood, were the Misses Sneyd. Each of these had the same Square for her special admirer, first in Day, then in Edgeworth. Of these the latter was already married by a runaway match. In the Lichfield days Edgeworth was disporting himself as a grass widower, when he lost his heart to the lovely Honora Sneyd. With a sigh he prepared for the return to his unloved wife. "And," said the tempter Day, "leave Honora? Why not yield to the gentle promptings of a blameless nature and persuade Honora to follow you to some foreign retreat?" As the Mephistophelian sage prompted, his lovelorn brother in wisdom obeyed. The legitimate Mrs. Edgeworth, knowing perhaps complaints would be no good, bore her desertion silently while her perfidious lord went off with Honora. Soon afterwards the real Mrs. Edgeworth obligingly died. The conjugal vacancy was promptly filled by her rival, who, however, did not survive long to solace the widower. The younger of the Sneyd sisters, Elizabeth, still remained, and now soon became Mrs. Edgeworth the third. Honora could only endure seven years of matrimonial promotion; Elizabeth lasted out seventeen. The much-married philosopher, once more free, found a lady bold enough to become his fourth consort in Miss Beaufort. She came out of the ordeal with such flying colors, and physically so unimpaired by its severity, as to be in good health many years after her husband had been laid in the grave.

Thomas Day at once showed a flattering fidelity to his friend Edgeworth's example, and proved himself domestically as well as educationally Rousseau's devoted pupil. In his earlier days he had made unsuccessful love in turn to the two Sneyd ladies. Nor

had that been his first matrimonial overture. Rousseau married a servant girl, Thérèse le Vasseur. His English disciple Day did his best to do, as nearly as possible, the same thing; for he trained a brace of foundlings, one a blonde, Sabrina Sidney, the other a brunette, Lucretia, for the possible distinction of becoming Mrs. Day. Subsequently to the Sneyd interlude he broke up his bridges and burnt his boats by finding a congenial and well-to-do partner in Esther Milnes.

In their relations with the other sex both these philosophic descendants of Fielding's Square, by practice not less than profession, illustrated the theory of marriage reformers so cleverly put in *The British Bards* by a forgotten nineteenth-century satirist, Mortimer Collins:

"Social arrangements are awful miscarriages.

Cause of all crime is our system of marriages.

Wedding rings worse are than manacled wrists.

Such is the creed of the positivists."

Fielding died in 1754, R. L. Edgeworth in 1819. Before the nineteenth century had completed its first quarter, Fielding's novels had quite lost polite favor; the improved public which had now grown up grounded its rising generation in Mrs. Inchbald's *A Simple Story* or her *Nature and Art*. Readers, now quite above the coarse realism of *Amelia* or *Joseph Andrews*, nauseated by Smollett, a little sickened with the sweetness of Richardson, found in Fanny Burney just the novelist of social life they required. To the taste thus created appealed, equally in her romances and in her short stories for the young, Lovell Edgeworth's daughter. With a little of her father's belief in human perfectibility, Miss Edgeworth combined a keen eye, entirely her own, for really dramatic situations, as well as for plots whose

strong simplicity held the reader of whatever age from the first page to the last. Her serene, blameless life was disturbed by no incidents, however faintly resembling those agitating both her father and Thomas Day. One love-affair she had with Count Edelcrantz, whom she gave up that she might the better devote herself to "father, friends, and country." Her home life at Edgeworthstown was broken by the travels abroad or brightened by the visits to the paternal roof, of Sir William Hamilton, Sir John Herschell, Sir Walter Scott, and William Wordsworth. All these were her intellectual admirers; they revered her power of thinking, but rejoiced that in her at least the severe sciences did not destroy the energy and grace of imagination, but only chastened it and imparted their philosophical influence.

The literary fashion and forces combined in the production of Maria Edgeworth created, in the fullness of time, Jane Austen. The latter of these, at an interval of forty-eight years, was followed by a notable teacher with the pen, the vitality of whose work has a fitting monument in Messrs. Macmillan's complete re-issue of her many novels. Below Jane Austen in satire, Charlotte Yonge was incomparably her superior in pathos. She also did more to color the thoughts and control the conduct than any writer of her time of those born during the nineteenth century's first half. Maria Edgeworth's dramatic narratives of the nursery, the schoolroom, and the cottage were so many lessons in social ethics and individual duty, no more forgotten than the ten commandments themselves by those to whom they were administered. From Mrs. Sherwood, and others of that school, Miss Yonge does not differ more than Maria Edgeworth herself in the absence of all direct appeal to super-

natural sanctions, in her systematic avoidance of all religious watchwords, and of all declared sympathy with any particular communion or creed. Serious convictions and an exalted, chivalrous sense of duty make her books manuals of good breeding, of graceful and tender consideration for others. Clement Underwood excepted, she avoids even clerical characters, and only shows herself anti-Evangelical by never introducing needless references to Divine revelation.

J. H. Newman saw in Jane Austen the casual and detached observer of her own creations, and vainly searched Charlotte Yonge for any gleam of high catholic ethos. If, however, there could have been a complete literary school of social sweetness and light, nay, of social perfection itself, it was assuredly opened in 1844 with *Scenes and Characters*. This was the earliest attempt at authorship by "the intellectual, impressionable, well-educated girl of thirteen," as John Keble found her in 1835, when settling at Hursley Vicarage, to which that of Otterbourne was annexed. Born into an Evangelical home, Charlotte Yonge had no sooner reached an age to think for herself than she sat at the feet of the parish priest, who gave the first impulse to the Oxford movement by his celebrated Assize sermon on National Apostasy, June 14th, 1833. With Keble's personal influence there mingled the forces of the Wykehamist and largely High Church tradition, in which her childhood had been steeped. The neighboring St. Mary Winton, as church and college, had supplied Charlotte Yonge with unproclaimed models of saintliness in its seventeenth-century bishop, Lancelot Andrewes; and among its nineteenth-century wardens, ideals of physical prowess in such men as Robert Barter, whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure. Charles Kingsley

thought *Heartsease* the most wholesome and delightful novel he had ever read. Whewell, of Trinity, went through all Miss Yonge's novels at the rate of two or three hours daily, wherever he wanted to feel himself in the best society he knew, fearful only lest he should gobble them all up at once. The German Fouqué was so widely read in England during Charlotte Yonge's youth as to be considered almost a national author. With that exception, Miss Yonge had studied no modern writer but Sir Walter Scott. In his character and books she saw the mirror of knightly manhood, the inspiration of the noblest human duty, and exemplars of personal courage, moral and physical, more effectively and healthily stimulating than the animalistic caricatures, as they seemed to her, then beginning to be displayed by books like *Guy Livingstone*. As regards *The Heir of Redclyffe*, there is nothing of George Lawrence, but much of Sir Walter, in the fearless self-sacrifice with which Guy leads the boats to the rescue of the shipwrecked sailors. So, too, it is with Leonard, when, having risked his own life at every turn, and having overcome the last and worst peril of all, he restores the child safe and sound to the agonized father. The force and picturesqueness of appeals like these to our common humanity explains a literary popularity at the time unprecedented, and even now undiminished with those in whom much romance reading has not destroyed all simplicity of taste.

There exists no better picture of mid-nineteenth-century school and home life than that in *The Daisy Chain*, of Dr. May with his clever family, in which the girls are as good scholars as the boys, and Ethel can match herself at Alcaics against her brother Norman, the captain of the school. But the real art and excellence of

the book are seen in its object-lessons in self-repression, self-surrender, and self-denial. Mrs. Sherwood, through all her books, while recognizing the value of conduct, had dwelt little upon the necessity of works. Miss Yonge, keeping in the background the theological conviction of herself or her characters, without any declared purpose of doing so, adorns her discipleship of Keble by the charm and purity of concrete goodness dramatically portrayed. None of her rare ecclesiastics have any sneer for the school of Thwackum. Only one of them refers to it in his prayer that conversions may be genuine, as well as the means of grace to others. Miss Yonge's colloquial reserve on religious subjects was intended, and, by those for whom it was meant, accepted as a silent rebuke to the pietistic gush by which Newman and Keble complained that the Evangelicals spiritually and morally enfeebled themselves, as well as brought religion itself into contempt. An Anglican tradition from the high and dry Oriel-common-room days, it had first been put into words by the non-juror, William Law, in his discourse on spiritual conversation. "Such talk," he says, "has a taking sound, but hurts myself if I speak on these matters sooner or further than the Divine Spirit may lead. Religious persons delight too much in hearing their own voice, and so lose the inward unction from above that can alone create new hearts." So Keble, in a *Christian Year* footnote (third Sunday after Epiphany), singles out for praise Sir Matthew Hale, who, from the first time that the impressions of religion settled deeply in his mind, by a particular distrust he had of himself, took great caution to conceal it lest, being looked on as a religious man, he might do some enormous thing which would cast a reproach on the profession of piety and give great advantage to

God's enemies to blaspheme his name. What, till long after the great exhibition period of 1851, the "entertainment" was to the theatre, Miss Yonge's or Mrs. Sherwood's stories, like the Edgeworthian writings before them, were to the circulating library novels. In strict households fiction was as rigorously tabooed as were the playhouse "routs," balls, the racecourse, the hunting-field, but, somewhat inconsistently, not shooting, by the Clapham sect, whose influence not only survived but long successfully competed with the Puseyism which the 'thirties brought.

In Maria Edgeworth the aptitude for illustrating character and pointing moral by really dramatic effects went together with perhaps the rarest of literary gifts, excellence in precise, clear, simple, straightforward narrative of fact. Here her easy but telling style placed her beyond a rival among her contemporaries. The unpremeditated art that carries a lesson home without repetition or redundancy showed no abatement of force between 1795 and 1847, both in the novels and the miscellaneous tales produced *pari passu* during this period. Even to-day there might be worse models for the short story than such pieces as *The Orphans*, *Lazy Lawrence*, *The False Key*, *Barring Out*, *Two Strings to Your Bow* and *Tarlton*. As for the novels, all the world knows that Scott proclaimed *Castle Rackrent* as the parent of *Waverley*. Her didactic descent from the philosophy of Square is shown, as in the case of Thomas Day, by her exhibition of perfect virtue without religion.

Equally indeed with her, her father and his friend had professed to believe and teach the practice of all the cardinal virtues and the highest social morality without the help of motive force derived from Christian revelation. Both these worthy men, it has been seen, fell a good deal short of their

creed, and did not discredit their ethical system less than, in the Seagrim episode, had been done by Square himself. The exemplary tenor of Maria Edgeworth's life, the unselfishness of her domestic conduct, and her conscientious advocacy of every good cause, as little

*The Fortnightly Review.*

prevented her from escaping the reproach of irreligion as it diminished the value of her example in literary style, first to Jane Austen and then to one who, beyond purity and simplicity of diction, had so little in common with her as Charlotte Yonge.

*T. H. S. Escott.*

## WHAT IS A CONSERVATIVE?\*

Lord Hugh Cecil's most interesting and thoughtful book suffers from one limitation which is a condition of its existence; and of which, therefore, no one can complain who is glad that so good a book should exist. For Lord Hugh Cecil's book does exist. But it is not quite so certain that Conservatism does. By the nature of the case the work inevitably suffers from one of the great mistakes of modern controversy: the duty of writing round a word rather than round a thesis. There has been no change more disastrous to fine thinkers than the change to the modern disputant who pastes up a paper inscribed "Free Trade," from the mediæval disputant who would have nailed up a paper inscribed "All trade should be free." A sentence must always have some light of mind in it: but a title turns rapidly opaque and becomes a mere badge. This is not the fault of the political philosopher himself, though it may, I think, be called his misfortune. Modern publishers would not permit an author to inscribe a long theoretical sentence, with two or three dependent clauses, on the outside of a book. Lord Hugh Cecil, when asked as one of the two or three ablest modern Conservatives to write a book on Conservatism, could not, in common politeness, even reply with a manuscript entitled "De Republica: Being a full Exposition of the Nature of Au-

thority in Civil Affairs; of the Limits of that Authority; of the Limits of the Correction of such Authority; of the Standard whereby such Correction should be required; and of the Permanent Conditions, to which such Correction is inapplicable." He could not possibly do this: but his book would be even better if he could; because it would begin at the right end.

As it is he will probably be the victim of much of that loose and exasperating logomachy in criticism in which critics dispute about what a word means instead of simply realizing and recording what they mean by the word. No word means anything. The people who like arguing about whether Thackeray was a "cynic," or whether George IV was a "gentleman," will have excellent opportunities for arguing about whether Lord Hugh Cecil is a Conservative. Undoubtedly he is widely different, both in general tone and definite doctrine, from the older and more instinctive mass of Conservatism in this country. Undoubtedly he is no more in the old sense a Tory than he is a Jacobite: indeed, the Jacobite may be called the Tory at his best. Undoubtedly Lord Hugh Cecil in many primary matters is much more like an old Manchester Radical. His cold deference and distrust as regards the State; his stoical relish for the responsibility of the individual; above all his unconsciousness of the shocking aberrations in which "fair competition"

\* Conservatism. By Lord Hugh Cecil, M.A., M.P. Home University Library. Williams and Norgate.



is ending its career; a capitalism which was never fair and is now hardly even competitive; in all this the distinguished Conservative politician is a great deal more like Cobden or Joseph Hume than he is like most other Conservatives. But to talk thus is to fall into that trap of the controversy about catch-words of which I have spoken. It does not matter a button whether Lord Hugh Cecil is conservative, it matters whether he is right. We could discuss the former point if we agreed as to what Conservatism means; but it is much more interesting to discuss what Lord Hugh Cecil means. Suppose (if a reviewer may take his own case as the only one he has a right to answer for touching the use of words), suppose Conservatism means the belief that the chief parts of human doom and duty are eternal, and should be protected or consecrated by permanent traditions; in that case I am a Conservative; and so was Robespierre. But if Conservatism means a belief that the present arrangement of wealth and power in England, or anything wildly resembling it, can possibly exist for another twenty years without producing an ignominious bankruptcy or a very righteous revolution; in that case I am not a Conservative, nor would Strafford be, if we could bring back such brains to contemplate such a society.

Lord Hugh Cecil begins by considering "conservatism" as an element in human nature; conservatism with a small c. This chapter is particularly shrewd and entertaining; but it cannot easily be connected with any political theory. In this sense the thing is obviously as indispensable as it is insufficient; and one might as well have a civil war between the partisans of Pensive Melancholy and the champions of Uproarious Fun as make a Party System out of two things so obviously natural as change and rest.

You cannot catch two moods together and make them fight. It is as if midnight made a duellist's appointment with noon. In tracing the political origins the author is more on the main road; his history is clear and in the main just; but certainly much more Whig than Tory. It is when we come to the chapter called "Burke and Modern Conservatism" that we come to the heart of the matter; for as the writer says, with Burke Conservatism (or something positive that can be so described) really came into the world.

This is most vitally true. The Tories were never Conservatives; they cared less than nothing for Conservatism. The Jacobites were always as ready to rebel as the Jacobins; the Tories were quite as often beheaded for rebellion as the Whigs; the Cavaliers round Rupert were as ready for a dash in the dark in politics as they were in war. This was because the Jacobites, like the Jacobins, had a creed; a conviction about human government; a vow which they would fulfil after victory and defend after defeat, and scarcely desert even in its destruction. It was the thing called monarchy; it would be irrelevant to attempt its definition here; it is enough, as a general guide, to say that it was rather like republicanism. The less we look at names, and associations more dangerous than names; and the more we look at meanings and morals, the more we shall incline to think that Charles I meant by Divine Right pretty much what Robespierre meant by the Republic being impossible without God; or what Rousseau meant by atheists being alone outside toleration. They all mean, to use the more weak-minded modern language, that the nature of man was the design of God; and that civil authority is to be obeyed because it belongs to that design or that nature; and not because it is either stronger or richer or more successful. But how-

ever this may be, no Cavalier made any attempt to conserve Cromwell, even when Cromwell was really reforming our institutions or really making glorious our flag. No Jacobite wanted to conserve George II, though challenges like Chatham's were already shaking the Empire of India or the Canadian conquests of the French. The ships of Blake did not shake the Tory; nor the guns of Blenheim silence him; because he was a man and had a cause. It was with Burke, most truly, that there crawled into English politics the two sentimentalities of being a Conservative and being a Jingo. Doubtless he had excuses worthy of so great a man. It is quite true that the French Jacobins had a brutality of literalism in the fulfilment even of just ideas that must offend the finer literary temper. It is even more true that British insularity was a nobler thing when Napoleon had created a gallant island, than when Mr. Kruger had created a panic-stricken Empire. It is not easy to imagine the Whigs pulling down Wellington as the Tories pulled down Marlborough. But when all allowance is made for that large eloquence and imaginative insight, it remains true that Burke has been the ruin of all political convictions in England. He taught Englishmen to be proud of being provincial, even in philosophy; to look away from European reason and justice to some constitutional origins (mostly imaginary) of their own. He first taught that we should look to national rights and neglect natural rights: no wit, no wisdom, no suggestiveness, can save this from being a doctrine for barbarians; and for a people to be left upon one side. He first taught that doing things slowly, as such, was better than doing them quickly: no contemporary failure of his foes, or victory of his friends, can prevent a plain man from seeing that the distinction is utterly useless, if

we are talking about anything actual; like a flower garden or a house on fire. Conservatism (unlike Toryism) falls in having no instrument for extreme cases; no weapon for desperate occasions. As long as affections are fairly undisturbed and social ideals fairly unanimous, it is true that it is better to go forward, but to go forward slowly. But in danger all men must become simple; and it is possible for crises to come in the history of a nation when compromise is the craziest of all courses, and when nothing is practical but idealism. Such a crisis was before France in 1783. Such a crisis is before England now.

Lord Hugh Cecil remarks, very rightly, that only a moral change, such as a conversion to Christianity, can wholly reform a social machinery, and that a change in the social machinery itself can never produce the change in the soul. Here he certainly puts his finger on one of the first principles of reform, which unless a reformer do well and truly believe, without doubt he will perish without reforming anything. For the materialistic theory of progress really leaves a man without any standard of improvement or any moral right to rebel. Those modern enthusiasts who would produce right feeling through callisthenics or make goodness out of greens, are, logically speaking, denying their own right to innovate at all. For if reason and conscience can only exist in the healthy, then the unhealthy cannot even be certain that it is health which they seek or which they choose. If it is only the slave's heredity and environment which acquiesces in slavery; so it is only his heredity and environment that resists it; if he has nothing else but heredity and environment, he has no more right to praise his freedom than his slavery. If something limited or diseased in our whole condition makes all our past institutions

necessarily wrong, it will make all our future experiments wrong also.

In this vital sense all thinking people will agree with Lord Hugh Cecil's dictum that a moral change, that is an act of free will, must precede the more automatic improvements by conditions and laws. But when he speaks of modern industrial conditions simply as competition due to man's instinctive self-interest, or, in other words, human life as it would be anywhere outside some true and powerful religion, he goes a great deal too fast. It misses the point, which is the touchstone of all social reform or national rescue; the difference between the bad and the very bad. The capitalist system just now is not bad; it is very bad; it is atrociously bad. Nobody would expect a whole society to be unselfish, even a Christian society, far less a heathen society like our own. But to say that our society is not unselfish is rather like saying that Nero was not unselfish; to speak of the mere self-interest in Liverpool and Belfast is like speaking of the mere self-interest in Sodom and Gomorrah. Modern individualism is a remarkable object; a specialty; a rare and unreplaceable thing. It has developed the sin of avarice and the denial of brotherhood to the same sort of height that dying Rome brought the sin of lust, or Tamburlaine and the Eastern conquerors the sin of pride. The merchant princes, who are the most powerful class in our commonwealth, have knowingly grown rich, and intend knowingly to grow richer, by reducing an enormous majority of the King's subjects to economic helplessness by the torture of hunger and the horror of prostitution. Cases are known, one case is comparatively recent, in which a great employer has used his power to gratify nearly all the deadly sins at once; and notoriously made his shop a seraglio as well as a

slave market. He was not prosecuted or pelted or even publicly repudiated; he fell by the pistol of a private enemy. Now all this may seem irrelevant, but it is really the weak spot in Lord Hugh Cecil's view of moral awakening and social readjustment. Through not allowing for the very bad as distinct from the bad, he is enabled to be a pure Conservative, because he is enabled to dispense with an element which sometimes, like war itself, is indispensable: I mean the revolutionary element. For the plain truth is this: that when things get so bad as that, a moral change, preceding all political changes, generally does take place in large numbers of people, and the moral change is of the kind commonly described as being in a towering rage. If a Turk persistently kidnaps the daughters of an Albanian for his harem, it is no doubt true that a change of heart in the Turk would be a sweeping security against any repetition of the outrage; but it is also true, all things considered, that if nothing happens in the Turk's heart something will happen in the Albanian's. Nor does it in the least follow that such anger in the oppressed is even selfish, it is often inspired by a real sense of injury done to justice, and to the abstract dignity of human nature. Suppose then that a society exists in which repentance has not wrought a change in the selfish man, but righteous indignation has wrought a change in the unselfish man. Suppose the tyrant has not learnt kindness, but the slave has learnt courage, we may ask, with interest and some alarm, "What becomes of Conservatism?"

The name and attitude of Conservatism suffers, indeed, in much the same way as passivism and non-resistance in the matter of war. It is not a test for judging quarrels; it is only a policy for one side which ignores the action of the other side. The promo-

ters of peace and arbitration insist on talking about whether war ought to be retained for this reason or abolished for that reason; as if war were some kind of solid institution; a big brick building standing in Hyde Park. But war is not an institution, it is a contingency. It depends not on what you are, in a general way, trying to do, but on what the other party is, in a particular case, trying to do. In the same way, it is vain to have a policy of preservation when either fate or foreign power, or the wickedness of one's own countrymen, are altering the things we hold tight, even while we hold them. It is unphilosophical to praise the age of wine that has turned to vinegar, or to preserve pheasants till they have all died of old age, or to be proud of an aristocracy that has largely ceased to be even a gentry. Unless Conservatism can save these things from degeneration there is little value, even in a Conservative sense, in saving them from destruction. The case is yet more crucial and terrible in the matter of the problem of the poor, because the problem is growing more and more abnormal every day; and to extend the old cheery language of the Tory pessimists, England is not so much going

*The Dublin Review.*

to the dogs as going to the mad dogs. Lord Hugh Cecil's book is of that profitable kind whose business it is to provoke debate and difference, and I do not apologize for a controversial tone which the author would probably regard as a compliment. It may seem strange to say of a book that its fault is to be reasonable and lucid, but indeed this book is reasonable about a situation that is now past all reason, and lucid about a darkness that grows blacker about us every day. It is creditable to a courage that no one has ever doubted that Lord Hugh Cecil does not seem to understand that he and I and our country are in real danger. The danger has many aspects, besides the popular or humanitarian. There is a real military danger, and a real commercial danger. But I think most of them will be found to work back to an oppression of the poor which has been plunging and blind. It is not the old, ordinary question of rich and poor and the relieving of human distress. It is not human distress, but inhuman distress. It is not people being without wealth, but people being without anything. It is not an estate of man that can be Christian; like poverty. It is a thing that can only be heathen; despair.

*G. K. Chesterton*

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### THE ABU ZAIT CONSPIRACY.

"Well," thought Burke, as he rummaged in his despatch-box for the Intelligence Department Cipher, "It's the first time I've had to use this since I've been here." He found the sealed envelope and threw it on to his camp-bed,—a piece of furniture that lent itself to the uses of a table, a sofa, and a depository for folded garments during waking hours,—turning again to lock up the box. He recalled the day, now more than a year ago, when he

had taken over the cipher from Grantham, his predecessor as Inspector at Abu Zait. The recollection came back vividly as he looked at the sealed envelope lying on the bed. He could almost hear Grantham's caution, "You'd better open the envelope and see that it's all correct. I've never looked at it since I took it myself."

Burke remembered how he had taken out the type-written code, examined it with a vague feeling that

there was something interesting and romantic about a cipher, and then, taking a new envelope from the rack, had put in the document and made it secure by a generous application of red sealing-wax. "Better make it quite safe!" he had said to Grantham, and with a half-serious, half-absurd precaution, had prodded the soft wax with the edge of a little key that formed one of a bunch on his chain.

With these things in his mind he picked up the envelope, and there, sure enough, were the two little depressions made by the teeth of his key. His left hand went mechanically to his pocket, out came the bunch, and—yes, the teeth corresponded to the two marks! He laid the key's edge carelessly on to the wax, playing with it as a man not in a hurry to begin the tiresome deciphering of a code wire. It was hot, and he was in the mood to think nothing of much importance. "Those chaps in the Intelligence can't be easy without their little mysteries," he grumbled, looking lazily at the key as it fitted down on to the wax.

Suddenly his face became alert and the grumbling undertone of his thoughts gave place to a rigid attention. *Did the key fit?*

He held the envelope to the light and carefully examined the parallel marks on the seal. Surely one was deeper than the other, and a little wider! He looked closely at the edge of the key, again brought it into contact with the wax, and then stood erect, the envelope in his hand.

Out there, beyond, the door of the hut, the sun beat down from a cloudless sky upon the silver bosom of the river, and away across the flat bush-covered desert at the far side the flicker of warm air rising made a tremulous undulation as if the horizon danced at its skyward edge.

Burke was dimly conscious of these things as his mind pounded out the re-

luctant certainty that the seal had been tampered with.

A certainty it was to him, and reluctantly he admitted it, for to admit it was to convict some person or persons in his little community of treachery to the Government. "Who could have done it?" he asked himself as he ripped the edge of the envelope with his penknife and took out the code. He reached for the telegram and looked at its meaningless groups of letters with awakened interest, for the mystery of the seal had touched some deep chord of suspicion and induced a state of mind alert for plots and secret hostilities.

Then with the telegram spread out on the table before him, and the cipher by his side, he worked out the groups letter by letter until at last the detached syllables fell together into this disturbing message—

"Fear serious conspiracy among native officers and officials. Keep under personal observation Mansur Effendi Awad, and if possible intercept his communications with Yousbashi Ahmed Handi at Hillet el Sheikh. Report any important information obtained."

Burke put down the telegram and stood erect, again gazing vacantly across the river at the slice of brown desert with its trembling, streaming horizon.

Mansur Effendi Awad was the first employed in the Post Office—and, by jove, in the Telegraph Office too!"

This thought came flashing into his mind with the certainty that of all men likely to want the cipher key, Mansur Effendi Awad was the first. Then came the inevitable deduction, "If he has copied the cipher he will have read this telegram."

Burke groped in his coat-pocket, found his case and took out a cigarette. He lit it with much deliberation, paying minute attention to the job, so that



the end glowed uniformly in its whole bright circle, not irregularly as might happen with a hurried or careless smoker. A blue ring floated up into the still air as Burke, with a rigid concentration, set himself to explore the situation. Mansur was suspected of conspiracy. Mansur was a telegraph clerk. Mansur, therefore, would be the person most interested in getting hold of the cipher code and most capable of using it. It seemed clear that the envelope had been tampered with, so it might be assumed that Mansur had succeeded in getting access to the code. Well, *how* had he managed it? The code was always in the locked despatch-box, the key on Burke's chain by day and on the chair next his bed at night. Clearly the box could only be opened at night, and by one familiar with his habits—by one of his servants, in short.

"*Not Billal.*" He called up the image of his faithful old black, smiled almost affectionately, and acquitted him. But could he as easily acquit Mahmud, his Egyptian *merasla*? Heavy, dull, apparently quite honest, the fellow was still an Egyptian, and perhaps amenable to Mansur Effendi. Burke remembered, with awakening suspicion, how strongly the man had been recommended by the native police-officer when he took him as his orderly some months ago.

Sealing up the envelope into which he had put the cipher, Burke replaced it in the despatch-box, and ran through the contents of the latter to see whether anything was missing. There, for instance, were his gold sleeve-links, not worn since he left Khartum. Now, surely, Mahmud would have taken them if he had been knave enough to open the box. But no! To do so would have been merely to call attention to the envelope with its faked seal; and, moreover, if Mahmud had opened the box at all, it must

have been as an agent only, and under the direction of some person clever enough to have made that excellent imitation of the key-impression. Robbery for its own sake would have formed no part in the program. An idea came to Burke. Quietly pocketing the sleeve-links, he locked the box and put it back in its usual place. Then, lighting a fresh cigarette, he shouted through the door for Mahmud. A hulking figure, evidently just awakened from slumber, and adjusting its tarbush as it ran or rather stumbled across the compound, came to his call, and the orderly stood before his master with the usual laconic ejaculation, "Effendum."

Burke turned to him with severity.

"Mahmud," he said, "where are my gold sleeve-links?" His voice conveyed an accusation rather than a query, and was so understood by Mahmud, who, however, felt that he could clear himself. "In the locked box, oh Excellency," he replied.

"Nonsense," said Burke irritably. "Here! take the keys and find them." He flung the bunch over to the orderly, and puffing his cigarette with a great air of ferocity, in keeping with the rôle he had assumed, watched his servant closely. The latter fumbled stupidly with the keys, but ended by selecting the right one and opening the box. His big clumsy fingers went straight to the compartment whence Burke had just removed the links. Then, detecting their absence, he stood up, looking desperately at his master. "They were there, oh most excellent Bimbashi. Some one has done this to bring guilt upon me."

"That will do," said Burke. "The links must be found, or I shall know whom to punish. You can go!"

"By God, the Merciful, the Compassionate!" ejaculated the terrified Mahmud, "I would rather die than take the value of one millieme from your

Highness;" but on the reiteration of the word "Go!" he backed out of the hut, still muttering protests and excuses, and his master was left alone.

"Alone indeed," thought the latter, as he sat down on the edge of the camp-bed. "Even my servants against me!" Mahmud's action had exactly fitted in with the theory that was forming itself in his mind. Too stupid to realize that he was giving himself away, the servant afforded evidence both that he was the sort of man that might be persuaded to assist a clever plotter, and that he actually had seen the inside of that box. It was clear that he had been the instrument of an enemy in obtaining possession of the code. Burke's head dropped between his hands as he set himself to think. Would it be best to take immediate action, arrest the orderly, frighten him into a confession, and thus find definite evidence of the guilt of the telegraph clerk? No; on second thoughts that course did not recommend itself. If there was really a widespread conspiracy the code would be by now in the possession of every disloyal telegraph clerk in the Sudan, and the suppression of one would do no good. Above all, the opportunity for watching Mansur Effendi, and perhaps getting to the root of the matter, would be lost. The best course was to carry on without appearing to suspect anything, until chance or his own wit might give him a further clue.

The first necessity was to let the Intelligence people know that the code was probably no longer secret. Burke even began to compose a cipher wire to that effect, when he suddenly remembered that it, too, would be read and probably held up or modified if his theory were correct. Then for the first time he realized the difficulty of his position. He had no alternative cipher, he could only communicate by letter, and the next post to North did not start for a

fortnight. "Send a messenger." A moment's reflection taught him that if the conspirators were on the alert, his messenger would be stopped—and indeed, who could he send? He took up the decoded telegram and read it over again. It seemed to imply a conspiracy more or less localized to Abu Zait and Hillet el Sheikh. Was it safe to leave the Intelligence Department without notice of his suspicions for the present, or at least until they were confirmed? A few moments spent in weighing the pros and cons, and his decision was taken. Mansur must be outwitted at any cost, if the plot was to be successfully watched and defeated. He turned again to the writing-table and drafted the following wire to the Director of Intelligence:

"Have entire confidence in Mansur Awad. Know nothing of communications with Hillet el Sheikh, but will observe. Officers in my district well disposed to Government."

Having carefully rewritten the telegram in cipher, he called Mahmud and directed him to hand it to Mansur Effendi Awad for despatch.

"That ought to make his mind easy," thought Burke with a smile, as he pictured his faithful clerk deciphering the wire before sending it North. "Mansur will be more certain than ever that I am a fool. Well, so much the better. Probably the Intelligence Department will think the same, but that can't be helped for the present." He lit another cigarette, and picking up his rifle, shouted to Billal, his old Sudanese servant, to carry his shot-gun and the ammunition. Conspiracy or not, he *must* have his afternoon prowling after game—or even after solitude.

In processes of induction it is the first linking together of ideas into a coherent hypothesis that presents most difficulty. Once a theory has

gathered unto itself sufficient evidence to give it weight, it goes ahead like a snowball on a slope, growing as it rolls. Burke deserved some credit for his penetration in building up his facts so far as they had gone. Accident brought the next clue almost at once. He was in the habit of chatting with his old orderly on these shooting expeditions, and this evening he found himself dilating on the sport to be had in other countries, partly to "draw" the old black in defence of the Sudan, partly for the mere pleasure of recalling great days when he had hunted ibex in a cherished "nullah" in Cashmere. The thought of those fragrant pine-forests and the cool stream by which he had pitched his camp, the glorious climb up into the snows, and the never-to-be-forgotten moment when his shikari, dragging him down into cover, had pointed silently to that noble beast, his first and finest head,—how cool and delightful the very recollection was in this parched brown land!

"Wallah! ye Billal! el said ragid fi balad el Hinde!" "The game in that country of India is plentiful."

He looked round at the old soldier to see the responsive eagerness in his face, and saw to his surprise that the man was troubled and ill at ease. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you ill, or mazloom?" "Mazloom" is an eloquent expression freely used in Arabic to signify discontent.

"Excellency," said the old black, "I am mazloom from the name of that country of India! I wish to stay with my own people. I am too old to cross the sea."

"Cross the sea? Go to India?" Burke laughed. "What empty words are these, Billal? Who has been telling you stories?"

"The Bimbashi knows everything," answered Billal, "and he knows whether I shall go with my battalion

to India or stay as orderly to his Excellency."

"Is the XXth Battalion going to India, then?" Burke was still laughing, but something in his servant's expression made him pause. The old man was in deadly earnest, even in trouble and perplexity. There was something behind it all, and Burke grew serious. "Tell me what you are driving at," he said. "This nonsense must cease. You have been listening to lies. I must know all."

"Excellency," said the black, "there came lately to Abu Zait a soldier of my battalion from the company at Hillet el Sheik. It was from him I learnt what I now tell you, though doubtless your Excellency knows all and I a part only. It is said, oh Bimbashi, that the English make war upon the sons of Islam that dwell in the mountains of that Indian country. It is said, too, that victory is not with them, and that they have been driven back with great slaughter before the bullets of the Faithful. Then, Excellency, we are told that Kitchener Pasha, knowing that there are no soldiers like the Sudanese, and mindful of Atbara and Omdurman, has ordered that four battalions shall be sent to help him, and it is certain that the XXth, the greatest battalion in the army, is about to go North from Wad Gharbu in the next month. This is spoken of amongst the soldiers, and we wish neither to cross the sea nor to fight against the Faithful nor to leave our wives and our children. Your Excellency knows all and I a part only."

Burke whistled softly. The company at Hillet el Sheik! The company commanded by Yousbashi Ahmet Etfendi Hamdi!

"Has this story been told to the soldiers at Wad Gharbu also?" he asked.

"Assuredly it has," was the an-

swer, "for Faragallah Adam, the soldier who told me, had spent two days at Wad Gharbu on his journey here."

Burke recollected that a man of the XXth Sudanese had indeed arrived and gone North by the last mail-boat on transfer to the Prison Department at Khartum. No doubt he had brought letters from Ahmed Hamdi to Mansur, —just the sort of communications that the telegram had warned him to intercept. Well, they had reached their destination this time, and there was no help for it. But here, at least, was part of the plot. This sowing of distrust amongst the Sudanese battalions, so loyal to their English officers that nothing short of a kindled religious fanaticism could possibly estrange them, was an obvious end for the conspirators. "Billal," said Burke, "these things are lies, and whoever said them is the Father of lies. The English have soldiers enough in India to conquer all their enemies, and plenty to send here as well if they are wanted. The XXth Battalion is going to Kassala, and no farther. Is that enough?"

"It is enough," said Billal, and the shining black face resumed its normal expression of content.

But one convert was not sufficient. The XXth Battalion must be undeceived, and Purvis, their commanding officer, warned of the rumor. How to send information without exciting the suspicion that he had a clue to the plot was the question. Until that morning he had never suspected himself of any particular turn for duplicity, but the mystery and perhaps danger that surrounded him put all his faculties on edge, and he found himself probing deep into the intricacies of oriental life, anticipating the probable thoughts and actions of subtle adversaries and bringing an equal cunning to the task of defeating them. He experienced a strange elation, a

feeling of perfect confidence in his own sharpened perceptions, a certainty that his inductions must be infallible. It was clear to him that he would be observed in every action, that every messenger would be stopped, every message read, unless he so blinded his opponents that the messenger could pass unrecognized. It was imperative that Purvis should know of the disturbing rumor current in his battalion. How to inform him was the question. Billal must take a letter. Yes, but how? A solution of the difficulty came to him in a flash that was little short of inspiration.

"Billal!" He turned suddenly to the orderly at his side, "I am going to dismiss you."

"Dismiss me, Excellency?"

"Yes, for theft!"

"Your Excellency is laughing at me."

"No indeed. You return to your battalion by the post-boat to-morrow."

"As the Bimbashi orders."

The old man stood to attention and saluted, but the look on his face baffled description. Burke laid his hand affectionately on his servant's shoulder.

"I will tell you how things stand," said he. "There are enemies here who are plotting against the Hakuma (Government). They will suspect you and search you if I send you openly with a message to Purvis Bey. Now, it is necessary to send a message to the Bey, and you must take it, and so we must be as cunning as those evil ones in order to overcome them. I shall write the message now, and hide it in the lining of your tarbush. When we reach the station, Mahmud, your fellow-servant, will accuse you of theft. I shall send for you, question you, and hear the evidence against you. You will pretend to be frightened and confused, and although you deny the theft, yet I shall call the staff-officer, and in his

presence dismiss you and order him to transfer you to your battalion at Wad Gharbu. When you get there, you must give my message to the Bey. Fear nothing, for I shall explain to him that the accusation is only a pretence, and ask him to send you back to me in a few days. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"Remember my instructions, then."

"Haadur, Effendum."

Burke scribbled a hurried note on a page of his pocket-book, addressed it, folded it small, and saw it safely tucked under the greasy lining of Billal's tarbush. Then, picking up their weapons and the field-glasses, the two tramped home in silence.

And, sure enough, that very evening after dinner Mahmud was sent for. "Have you found my sleeve-links?" asked Burke.

"No, most excellent Bimbashi."

"Then you must have stolen them. Who else has access to my hut except yourself?"

"Oh, High One, have I not worked faithfully for you for many months, and never taken as much as the value of a millieme? Am I the only servant of your Excellency, or is not the black soldier, Billal, also with me in this house?"

"Oh, you accuse Billal! Well, call him and let me hear what he says!"

So Billal was sent for, seen to waver and hesitate, and finally dismissed from his master's service and ignominiously handed over to the staff-officer for transfer to his battalion. But Burke spared the faithful old fellow the disgrace of being made a prisoner, saying merely that the evidence was not enough for trial, but sufficient to make it unwise to retain the man as an orderly.

And so Burke's only faithful follower left Abu Zait, and his isolation was complete.

The stay-at-home European has many advantages over the dweller in the desert, but one compensation the latter enjoys which should help to reconcile him to his solitude—the delight of sleeping in the open air. There are many, no doubt, who do it night after night without realizing their good fortune; but to the man capable of enjoying the good things of life, what can be equal to that spread-out of the tired body on camp-bed or angerib, that caress of the cool evening breeze across heated limbs at first untroubled by bed-clothes, then, as the day's warmth quits the air, luxuriously covered by a sheet and perhaps a blanket or two—for the night sharpens as it passes on towards morning. And, above all, to lie horizontal under the stars and watch the Great Bear with his shining company in their glorious procession across the limpid infinity of space. Oh, Africa! how the heart turns to thee from this dull western world! But Burke, though not usually insensible to such influences, forgot them to-night. Sleep would not come to him. The mental activity that had driven him so vividly all through the day refused to quit him now, and the tired brain, like a carrier on a forced march, reeled and staggered under its load. The night seemed full of eyes—hostile, vigilant, the eyes of relentless enemies. Sounds that the normal man is unconscious of caused him to start, lean up on elbow and listen, with fingers on the grip of his revolver. Was that a step? No; it came no nearer nor departed farther. It was a broken durra-stalk anchored to its root, and tapping the ground under the motion of the breeze. A burst of sound! *What?* Only the sudden altercation of prowling hyenas that competed for some more than usually tasty morsel in their midnight scavenging. Then came a moment or so of troubled half-sleep,



broken by the rustle of some bird through the darkness, and Burke lay wide awake again, his mind working wearily back over the events of the past day. Was he merely deceiving himself? After all, what were his inductions worth? Might not Mahmud have seen those links in their place when he himself had, some time, opened the despatch-box? The story of India for the Sudanese troops! Was there ever a time when some wild rumor was not circulating among those dark incomprehensible soldiers, all unknown to their British officers? And his wire to the Intelligence Department—that crowning achievement of his subtlety! What rubbish it would seem to a decent normal Briton like Chesterfield-Smith. His thoughts turned to poor old Billal, lying in his quarters disgraced among his fellows, and under a suspicion that must be galling to the proud, faithful old soldier. He had been much too clever! A hard place in the mattress seemed to drive its way into the very bone of his hip, and he flung restlessly round on his other side.

The seal! That, at least, was unmistakable and material evidence that the cipher had been tampered with. Unmistakable—*was it?* There were two depressions, just as there should have been. They had seemed at first to be quite correct, then—*was* one so much deeper than the other? And if so, might not some unequal application of force on his own part, at the time of making the impression, explain it all?

This thought gripped him until he felt that the matter must be set at rest, or sleep banished for ever. He rose, stumbled into the dark hut where the mud-brick walls were still radiating out the stored-up heat of yesterday, and, lighting his lamp, groped for the envelope where he believed he had laid it. It was not there. He

dived for the despatch-box, opened it, found the new envelope duly sealed, but no old one. Where could it be? He remembered cutting along the top, so as not to injure the wax. He thought he recalled placing it on that little table in the corner of the room, which he had just searched in vain. Could he have torn it up? He groped in the waste-paper basket. There at last were the pieces, and, of all things, torn right across the seal so that the wax had parted in a dozen fragments and fallen from the paper. He cursed his stupidity. What a fool he had been! Or—had he torn it? Was it not possible that here, too, his enemies had intervened? The hut might have been visited by any one while he was out shooting. Oh, ten times a fool to have forgotten that Mansur, if he had indeed attempted to reproduce the impression on the wax, would want all information bearing on whether his attempt had successfully deceived.

Burke stood erect with the torn fragments in his hand. The sweat lay cold on his forehead. He felt baffled and absurd—if there was no plot, absurd; if a plot, then baffled and still absurd.

Well, the night must be passed in any case. He blew out the candle-lamp and moved out through the verandah towards his bed. *What was that?* He stopped abruptly, eyes and ears intent, probing the darkness. Had not a figure flitted across the narrow angle of the compound? Not a sound broke the stillness as he listened, but could his eyes have deceived him? He passed rapidly to where the compound wall abutted on a dry hollow that had once been a water-channel, and listened again. Nothing stirred, or nothing except that broken durra-stalk—unless indeed that was the rattle of a falling stone down there in the water-course. He sprang over the wall, ran in the direction of the

sound, found nothing, made a cast up jangle. It was imagination—nothing the channel, and again stilled his else.  
pulses to listen.

So he went back to bed, and finally

Ugh! His nerves were all in a to sleep.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(*To be concluded.*)

S. Lyle.

## THE LANDSLIDE IN AMERICA.

It is not easy to determine which is the more important outcome of the American Presidential election—the magnitude of the Democratic victory or the magnitude of the Republican defeat. If no candidate ever received so large an electoral plurality as was polled by Dr. Woodrow Wilson, no President ever made so poor a showing as Mr. Taft. He has been beaten out of his boots; and the Republican party which has ruled the United States almost uninterruptedly for over half a century has virtually ceased to exist. Neither in the Electoral College nor in Congress can it now muster more than a bare corporal's guard; and the chances of its winning any new recruits in the country appear at this distance to be simply non-existent. There has rarely, if ever, in the political history of any land, been so sudden and complete an overthrow. Four years ago, in the election of 1908, the Republicans were a united and victorious organization. They commanded the support of the best intelligence of the nation. The business and conservative interests rallied to them almost unanimously. They were in touch with popular sentiment, and the program of sober progressive reform to which they were committed had the backing of all that was most rational as well as of all that was most aspiring in the political thought of the country. To-day they are a mere rump; life and faith have left them; the men to whom belongs the future of American politics have seceded from them in disgust; and the electorate has

just visited upon their broken ranks the most crushing condemnation in the annals of American public life. And the party which has suffered this colossal and decisive indignity is not the party which Mr. Roosevelt during his seven years in the White House half redeemed to a modern view of things. It is the party as he inherited it from Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hanna, the party of unrestrained protection and Toryism, the slave of capital, blind to the needs of the new age, and reclining comfortably on the belief that America was made to be governed by the Republican machine for the benefit of a few favored interests. Such was the Republican party up to 1901 and such it has become again under Mr. Taft's auspices. Mr. Roosevelt sought to rouse it, and at one time even seemed to have succeeded. But we can all see now that his attempt at inoculation never "took," and that the party, so far from being immune from the ravages of political small-pox, has developed of late more serious symptoms of the disease than ever. The country may now be said to have given up its case as hopeless.

The Progressives have every reason to be well pleased with themselves. Starting three months ago from nothing they have become the second largest party in the country, with an organization in every State and a more than respectable following in Congress. That they owe a very large measure of their success to Mr. Roosevelt's inspiring leadership is no doubt true enough. But it is also true that they

are the first party in the United States to see and proclaim the necessity of social and industrial reform, and that the crusading spirit which animates them will go on and gather strength whoever may be their leader. It was they and not the Democrats who really reduced the Republicans to impotence. While Mr. Roosevelt attacked both the old regular parties, and with equal justice, as "boss-ridden and privilege-controlled," it was from the Republicans that he drew practically all his voting strength. The great service which his candidature has rendered to American politics is this, that there is at last a homogeneous and non-sectional party which really means something, which really has beliefs and a definite program, which is free from any entangling alliances, and which stands ready to write on the Statute-book its solutions of the main problems of the United States. Whatever happens, American politics can hardly slip back into their old state of artificial divisions and obsolete or meaningless war-cries. The advent of the Progressives, if it has done little else, has at least vastly enlarged the political horizon and interests of the average man, and turned his thoughts towards concrete and immediate issues of social and industrial readjustment. Americans hitherto have called themselves Republicans or Democrats simply as a matter of habit or chance and without inquiring how far either party represented anything vital or intelligible. But no man voted for the Progressives or will throw in his lot with them in the future without being able to state a reason for his action, and without being able to say at once what it is his party stands for. Mr. Roosevelt's campaign has shattered the Republican party; it has done much to intensify the determination of the American people to resume control of their own affairs and not to allow

them any longer to remain the sport of the professional politicians; it has elevated women and women's interests to a position they have never before held in American public life; it has been the means of bringing on to the carpet what is, after all, the fundamental question that confronts the American and every other democracy—the "condition of the people" question; and finally and beyond everything else, it has invigorated American politics with a new spirit of reality.

The victory however rests with the Democrats, and it will be of extreme interest to see what use they make of it. They have been out of office for so long that any attempt to assess their capacity for administrative statesmanship must be largely a matter of guess-work. But it is worth remembering that while they have shown throughout the recent campaign a remarkable steadfastness and cohesion—due in the main to a lively consciousness that only by preserving unity could they hope to regain power—they are not really a harmonious party. Not only does that deep-seated cleavage which tore the Republican party asunder exist in their ranks—the cleavage between Radical and Conservative—but even on the fiscal issue which has been primarily responsible for their triumph they are far from seeing eye to eye. Mr. Cleveland's Administration of 1892 wrecked itself on the tariff question; Dr. Woodrow Wilson's Administration, twenty years later, may meet with a similar disaster on the same intractable issue. The truth is that the Southern Democrats of the present generation, the representatives of the new industrial South, are instinctive Protectionists. It was they who withstood all Mr. Cleveland's efforts to redeem his election pledges by lowering the tariff; and it is they who still and in even greater numbers confront Dr. Wilson. We hope he will

succeed in subduing them, not only because of Great Britain's obvious interest in a reduction of the American import duties, but also because all nations that have political and diplomatic dealings with the United States will be glad to see the Democrats prove their fitness for office. Their real attitude towards questions of foreign and Imperial policy is at present unknown to the outside world and possibly even to themselves; and it will be both useful and important

*The Outlook.*

to have it defined. For the rest nothing can be said which will exaggerate the greatness of their opportunity. They control both Houses of Congress; they have elected a President of indisputable capacity and distinction; their country, and indeed the whole world, wishes them well and expects from them some lasting achievements; they command all the means of success, and if they fail they will have only themselves to blame for it.

*Sydney Brooks.*

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## THE VICTORY OF THE DEMOCRATS.

If a popular verdict avails anything, the election of Mr. Woodrow Wilson is the heaviest blow that Protectionism has ever received. On the eve of the election President Taft, who has come to be regarded as the nominee of the stand patters and the Old Guard of high Protection, expected to receive 280 electoral votes. According to the last figures, which should be nearly correct, he actually received 12. Mr. Roosevelt, standing as a Progressive, and outbidding everybody in promises of socialistic and revolutionary changes, but inclined to maintain a high tariff, secured 77 votes. Dr. Wilson, standing on the democratic plank stated at Baltimore—a tariff for revenue only—and making tariff reduction the main issue, secured no less than 442 votes in the College of Electors, which registers the popular choice. These representatives are 531 in number, and they are elected by the States, each contributing to the college in proportion to its population. In votes polled Wilson's majority over Roosevelt was two millions, and over Taft 2½ millions. That is enough. It is the first time since the high tariff grew out of the Civil War that the people of the United States have clearly con-

demned it and marked it out as the main cause of high prices and the mother of trusts. For fifteen years the Republican party has maintained prohibitive duties on woollen clothing and other necessities of life by diverting popular attention from the cause to the effect. They have declared that the trusts, and not the tariff, are the cause of high prices, just as one might argue that a fall in the barometer and not rain spoilt the crops. The American Customs impose a tariff duty of £1 upon a pound's worth of woollen cloth, and the same quantity of cloth which costs one pound in England costs two pounds in the United States. But the American people have been asked to believe that there is no connection between these two facts. All that the tariff does is to ensure that all cloth sold in America shall be made in American mills! The high and protective prices which deprive the working classes of woollen clothing during the bitter cold of a New England winter are not due to the tariff, but to a wicked combination of American mill-owners; in short, to a woollen trust, which is the natural and inevitable product of the tariff.

So much for fiscal theories. But

when we come to ask why the Republican party machine has been devoted for so many years to the fabrication and maintenance of this amazing tariff, we enter at once into the secrets of political machinery. Every novice knows the cost of elections and the difficulties of maintaining a political organization. In a Republic titles cannot be disposed of, and the multiplication of jobs, sinecures, and pensions, however popular among the small fry, will not bring great fish into the net. A Protectionist tariff, skillfully handled, will fill the chest more speedily than any other known device. We have seen in England that hundreds of thousands of pounds can be raised on the mere hope of a distribution of tariff favors. But the American tariff is there, and the prospect of an upward revision by the Protectionist party or the fear of a downward revision by the Democrats excites the liveliest feelings in interested circles. Locally funds are collected from the manufacturers, fruit-growers, &c., direct, but the big contributions generally come to the central funds from the financiers who capitalize the tariff. With what immense funds the clever managers of Mr. McKinley, Colonel Roosevelt, and Mr. Taft were provided from these sources are now known from public inquiries instituted at Washington. A few days ago there was published a letter from President Taft to the Hardware Association, in which he took credit for having vetoed a Bill passed by the House of Representatives and the Senate, which put machine tools on the free list and reduced the tariff on steam-engines from 30 to 15 per cent. Now, among the trusts formed to exploit this tariff and to get the whole of it out of the American railways, American farmers, carpenters, and other purchasers of engines, machinery, and tools was the famous Harvester Trust. At the time when Mr.

Taft's letter appeared, a suit was being instituted by the Attorney-General at Duluth to dissolve the International Harvester Company as a trust in restraint of trade, and at the hearings on Friday, October 25th, Mr. William P. Hamilton, a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co., produced an entry—we quote the report of the *New York Journal of Commerce*—from the books of his firm, which showed that in the year 1903, when the Harvester Trust was organized, J. P. Morgan and Co., had paid William C. Lane \$13,500,000 for 165,000 shares of stock in the new organization. This stock, the witness said, at the time of payment had a par value of \$16,500,000, thus giving \$3,000,000 profit to Morgan and Co., for services rendered during organization.

This is only one transaction relating to the admitted profits made not by the manufacturers themselves, with the aid of the tariff out of the public, but by a financial house out of the capitalization of a few items in one of the schedules of the tariff. What could be more natural than that immense sums should be contributed to the Republican campaign funds by firms which could make their fortunes from floating lucrative monopolies in Wall Street? It is ridiculous to complain of Mr. Morgan's liberality. These campaign contributions are the inevitable accompaniment of the protective system in any democracy which adopts it. They are part of the business, and as Mr. Taft said the other day, even with the help of his scientific tariff board, he "could not hope to take the tariff out of politics." You might as well complain that armament firms seek to promote naval and military rivalry between their best customers.

The question is, whether Mr. Woodrow Wilson, the new President, will be able to break the back of Protection in the United States. He and his



party are deeply pledged to attempt an immediate downward revision. He has an immense majority in the House of Representatives, and a small one in the Senate, where the Free-trade democrats may have the assistance of Mr. La Follette and his friends. But a fiasco like that which befell President Cleveland is possible—perhaps probable. The same secret motives and powerful forces behind the scenes which have always worked in the Washington lobbies will work harder than ever. Already the new President is being urged to caution and postponement. He may perhaps be in-

*The Economist.*

duced not to call a special session. This will mean that the promise of *immediate* revision is not to be fulfilled. Then he will be urged to whittle away the moderate reductions which were passed by Congress last year, but vetoed by President Taft. If, however, President Wilson stands to his guns and his pledges the whole forces of Protection will concentrate on the Senate. Will they succeed better than the bosses in New Jersey? We hope not; though Free-Trade in the States would soon produce formidable rivals for British manufacturers.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate, has been elected President of the United States by an overwhelming majority. It is not for Englishmen to take sides in the domestic contests of the other half of the English-speaking race, but now that the election is over we may in all sincerity congratulate Dr. Wilson on the fact that, to use Mr. Roosevelt's words, "the American people by a great plurality have conferred upon him the highest honor in their gift." Though personally we should have liked to see Mr. Roosevelt once more at the White House, we admit that from the wider point of view it is better that the Democratic Party, which has been so long excluded from Presidential power, should have their turn at Washington and enjoy an opportunity of putting into practice their special political ideas. That Dr. Wilson, not only on the ground of high personal character, but also on that of his views on public affairs, will make an excellent President we cannot doubt. Though he bears the label of the Democratic Party and would prob-

ably be horrified by our describing him as a Conservative, he is none the less a Conservative by nature and intention—of course, meaning thereby a statesman of moderation and sound sense. He is also a man whose mind has been trained in dealing with wide issues in a wide way. No one can accuse him of having allowed his intelligence to be sapped by the endless iteration of party claptrap, or by fixing his attention solely on party issues. He is an historian and a political philosopher in the best sense, and he will, we may be sure, never be ensnared by the pitfalls which engulf so many machine-made politicians—men who believe that their nostrums are really new, and that no one before them has been faced with political difficulties so tremendous and so subtle. Experience of the past may sometimes paralyze a man for action, but it unquestionably steadies him, and what America wants just now is steady.

It is too early as yet to say what will be the practical results of the election. If, however, as is probable, the Democrats have elected not only a

Democratic President but a majority in both Houses of Congress, the road should be clear for great movements. Not only may we expect to see the tariff revised, and in a popular sense, but also an amendment of the Constitution providing for a national income-tax. Undoubtedly the Americans will be wise to adopt such an impost. Through the income-tax they will get an engine which will make the Government at Washington financially secure. We do not for a moment suppose that the Democratic Party is going to abandon all forms of Protection, but, equipped with an income-tax, they will be able to keep the tariff within strict bounds, and so relieve the consumer of certain irksome dues which have been largely buttressed by the contention that the revenue must be safeguarded. We shall not see Free Trade, either in the American or the English sense, but we shall—unless all the omens are deceptive—see a very considerable approach made towards a policy of tariff for revenue only.

If the triumph of the Democrats must be pronounced important, of still greater import is the defeat of the Republican Party. That defeat is apparently due to Mr. Roosevelt's breaking away from Mr. Taft and the machine. In reality it is due, as we do not doubt Mr. Roosevelt would be the first to acknowledge, to the deep sense of indignation felt by a large section of Republicans at the retrograde and selfish policy adopted by Mr. Taft and the managers of the Republican Party. These were determined to keep the party on the old bad lines. The men who followed Mr. Roosevelt and made him their leader and their symbol were, on the other hand, determined that they would rather break up the party and found a new one than accept any longer the dictation of a caucus certainly selfish and possibly

corrupt. The Bull Moose has done better than win the election. He has put the fear of God into the hearts of party politicians throughout the length and breadth of the United States. He has made them understand that there is something more than party to be considered, and that there is a limit to political self-interest. Hitherto it has been supposed that the American voter was so much enslaved by party that there was hardly any sacrifice which he would not make, provided he were told in loud and emphatic tones that it was demanded in the interests of the great party to which he belonged. He might be sad, sorry, and ashamed, but it was held as an article of faith that he would accept almost any humiliation, and would support even men he believed to be unworthy, provided he were told that it would ruin the party if he were to show any signs of independence. The election just over has changed all that. It will, we believe, leave an indelible mark upon American politics. In future professional politicians will not dare to put the strain they have been accustomed to put upon their adherents. "Unless we are careful," will be their thought, "we shall get the party broken up by some new Roosevelt. We dare not run the risk of offending the independent people in the party. If we do, the wretches will bolt and find another Bull Moose to lead them."

The future of the Republican Party is a most interesting subject for speculation. Will it remain shattered, and will Mr. Roosevelt be able to form a new party? or, again, will the Republican leaders say, like the 'possum in the fable, "Don't shoot any more, Colonel; we'll come down?" That is quite possible. If they do, we shall very likely, four years hence, see Mr. Roosevelt nominated and elected as President by a united Republican Party. On the other hand, the feeling may be too

bitter inside the machine. In that case we may be quite sure that Mr. Roosevelt will not go out of politics, but, as long as he lives, will keep his present reforming and progressive party in being. Our own prediction is that the knowledge that this is certain will make the Republican managers, however angry and however unwilling, recognize that they have no

*The Spectator.*

choice but to make terms. After all, Henry VII's historic formula is a business proposition: "If," he declared, "all Ireland cannot rule the Earl of Desmond, then the Earl of Desmond must rule all Ireland." If the Republican Party cannot rule Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Roosevelt will have to rule the Republican Party.

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### A NEW START IN AMERICA.

For the first time since Grant a man of high repute outside politics has been elected President of the United States. But Dr. Wilson owes his election not to his personal qualities but to a party vote. It is possible that the Democrats would have failed with an ordinary machine-made candidate; but it is certain that Dr. Wilson would have failed had he copied Mr. Roosevelt and made a machine of his own. The great thing about this election is that the Democrats are back after sixteen years, back because the electors wanted them. The tide had begun to turn at the last Congressional elections, and Mr. Roosevelt, who, as everybody knew, would have been delighted to work the Republican machine if it had been at his disposal, has utterly failed to stem it. The Democrats have thus got a free hand. There is no suggestion that they are in because of a split vote. They are in because the electorate have had enough of Republicanism, old school or new.

Much is expected of any party returning to power after a long interval. In America opinion is just now particularly ripe for change. The test question will arise at once. It is known that Britain is preparing a protest against the Panama Canal Bill, and it is understood that the election campaign has been responsible for the

delay. We may take it that nothing very material will be done while Mr. Taft remains a presidential figure-head, but as soon as Dr. Wilson is installed matters will develop. That will be the new President's chance to show what he is made of. His success as Governor of New Jersey is due to the belief that he stands for honesty in politics. Will he carry his standard of honor to the White House? The issue is as simple as it can be. The treaty declares the Canal open to the ships of all nations on terms of entire equality. The Republican administration interprets this as meaning that the Canal is open to the ships of all foreign nations on terms of equal disadvantage. Will the Governor of New Jersey accept this casuistry? By rejecting it he will show the American people that he is ready to give them the clean politics which they desire. He will have the Irish Jingo against him, of course; but the language used by the best newspapers about the Taft Bill shows that he will have all that is best in American politics behind him.

To British critics the Panama question stands by itself. It is the one aspect of America's foreign relations which intimately concerns Britain. But to the American the Panama episode is only a phase of a general movement. With the election of Mr. McKinley ex-

pansionist tendencies asserted themselves. Mr. McKinley had his war with Spain; Mr. Roosevelt had his revolution in Colombia; both movements carried the American flag well beyond the old frontier. But American expansion has always been largely a party affair. The Democrats never quite approved of the war with Spain; they openly disapproved of the creation of Panama; and Mr. Taft's attempt to draw Canada from her allegiance to the British Empire, though it would have been received with delight forty years ago, left average American opinion cold. It is possible then that the new President will give a fresh turn to American policy. The Monroe doctrine, with its important corollary that the United States will not meddle in trans-oceanic affairs, does not lack adherents. After all, the States are very large, and their domestic problems are urgent enough. Dr. Wilson will find plenty of men in his party who would have his administration concern itself with home affairs, and his own campaign speeches have left international issues well alone. It is, of course, impossible for him to blot the events of the last few years and to cancel American influence in the Central Republics. But it does not follow that he will maintain the present forward policy in the Far East. Japan and China are a whole ocean away; why bother about them? There are the Philippines, it is true, and American pride would probably forbid their immediate abandonment. But any American statesman can get round an awkward situation. Independence is a useful word, and if Japanese immigration follows hard upon Philippine independence Dr. Wilson may be ready enough to make a bargain which will put an end to rumors of Japanese hostility.

As we have said, it is home politics that matter most. Mr. Roosevelt taught the public to understand that

the phrase in the Constitution empowering Congress to regulate commerce makes many things possible. But he failed to carry the matter any further. The Oil Trust, indeed, has been dissolved by the Supreme Court, but he must be a credulous man who believes that the decision has involved anything but a verbal change. The whole industrial question still awaits settlement, still awaits a policy tending towards a settlement. Social reform is bound to figure in the new President's first message, and many will look with some eagerness to see whether Dr. Wilson has been able to give the words meaning.

In America social reform at once suggests the tariff. There has been some argument in England whether Dr. Wilson is a free trader. We do not know what general doctrine he would lay down if he were lecturing from a Chair in Economics, nor does the point much matter. As a Constitutional historian, Dr. Wilson knows that the phrase tariff for revenue means nothing in America. It can only have a meaning when a Minister presents a Budget, a national balance-sheet with items of expenditure on the one side and estimates of revenue on the other. There is no Budget in the United States. One committee of the House spends money, another passes taxing Bills; and it is just this absence of any balance between revenue and expenditure which is the most amazing feature of American institutions.

But as a practical politician Dr. Wilson is bound to advise a revision of the tariff. Congress is equally bound to attempt the work. It is all a part of the demand for clean politics. What is the modern American tariff? To average American opinion it is in no sense a national creation. It is an instrument controlled by interests. In the United States, exactly as in Britain, Tariff Reform means a national tariff.

The schedules are to be revised one by one in the interests of American industry generally, and the present log-rolling system is to be brought to an end. That is the idea; it would be the rankest folly to imagine that British manufacturers will gain by its application. If the Democrats get their way the new tariff will be built on national lines with the double object of making reasonable the cost of living at home and of stimulating American enterprise abroad. That is what American Tariff Reform implies, and the British manufacturer cannot possibly stand to gain by it.

As soon as he touches the tariff, Dr. Wilson will be resisted from the lobbies. He will not give way. If words mean anything, if he holds to his election pledges, he will use all his energies in urging Congress to legislate, and will trust to public opinion for support. But there is another institution more corrupt than the Tariff which the new President will be bound to assail if he is true to his reputation. We refer, of course, to the Spoils System. The Spoils System does not find its support in the lobby. Its strength is on the floor of the House, and still more on the floor of the Senate. Every honest man in America condemns it—and recognizes its permanence. Without it the machines would tumble to pieces; but without the machines neither President nor Senators nor Congressmen would have got elected; and so the vicious circle is kept going. If Dr. Wilson behaves as is expected of an orthodox President he will spend the best part of his first year of office in turning Republicans out of post-offices and putting Democrats in their

places. As a result, the Congressional elections of 1914 will show that Democratic enthusiasm is beginning to ebb. The better-class public will recognize that both parties are equally black and life will go out of the administration.

The Spoils System is no easy thing to destroy. As far as appointments are concerned, it rests entirely on usage, and usages are harder to change than laws. Suppose that Dr. Wilson shows himself a strong man, and when March comes round simply does nothing. At once the Senate will be against him, for Senators control appointments in their own States and have assuredly pledged themselves. A hostile Senate means a veto on foreign policy, and with the Panama question awaiting settlement any President may hesitate. The destruction of the pensions part of Spoils System will prove an even harder matter. Pensions can be tacked on to Appropriation Bills, and until a desirable amendment to the Constitution has been got through, a President cannot veto particular clauses of a Bill. Clearly the way of a reforming President is hard. It will become altogether hopeless if his thoughts turn to re-election. Should Dr. Wilson undertake this great work he must put 1916 out of his mind. There will be loud outcry. Every placeman in both parties will be against him. His own party will probably split, and the sections of the Republican party will certainly coalesce, and he will be defeated should he stand again. But if he be a strong man, he will not care for that. Once done, his work will endure, and ten years hence Dr. Wilson may himself receive the nation's gratitude.



## THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY AND AFTER.

The Democratic victory in the United States has passed all expectations. Dr. Wilson has been elected President by the largest plurality of votes ever recorded. The Lower House of Congress contains an overwhelming majority of Democrats, and the Senate, which has hitherto remained the steadfast fortress of conservative Republicanism, will contain a small but sufficient Democratic majority. Never before within the last half-century, save for the brief period 1893-1895, have the Democrats held the Presidency and both the Legislative Houses. Moreover, the victory has been derived from no territorial division. The South remained "solid" as heretofore, but Dr. Wilson secured most of the great Eastern States, including New York and his own State, New Jersey, together with many of those States in the West and Middle West to which the Progressive Party seemed likely to make their most powerful appeal. What does this signal Democratic victory signify, and what results will follow? It cannot properly be imputed chiefly to the split in the ranks of Republicanism, though the impetuous policy of Mr. Roosevelt, of course, has been the immediate cause of the Republican collapse. For the split had long been apparent, and was widening and deepening with every year. Upon the gathering forces of Republican insurgency Mr. Roosevelt literally forced his leadership, playing up to a programme far more advanced, both in its constitutional and social doctrines, than any which he himself had the wit or the audacity to conceive. The first lesson of the election, then, appears to be the passing of the old Republican Party as the instrument of American conservatism. It dies because, in the opinion of the vast ma-

jority of citizens, it has become a mere instrument of corruption, obstruction, and reaction. It has stood persistently for High Tariff, and for a tender and purposely ineffective "control" of the great industrial Trusts, Railroads, and financial corporations, whose growing powers and privileges are recognized by the common people as menaces to those rights of life, liberty, and property for the security of which the American Commonwealth was established. The evidence of the large financial and personal support given by the commercial and financial magnates to the Republican machine has made the compact between Republicanism and wealth glaringly apparent. Lastly, the enormous rises of prices of foods and other necessities of life, which robs the great masses of all share in the fruits of the recent spell of industrial prosperity, has driven the lesson home to the least educated classes. To this growing disgust with the Republican machine, its obstructive policy, and its "boss" management, both Dr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt largely owe the victories they have won in many of the ancient fortresses of Republicanism. For nothing is more significant than the failure of Mr. Taft to secure a single great manufacturing State in the Union. The industrial States of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Ohio fell to Dr. Wilson, while Mr. Roosevelt won his most signal successes in Pennsylvania and Illinois.

What will the Democrats do with this great opportunity? Are their President and Party equal to it, or will the Democratic machine exhibit the same symptoms of locomotor ataxia from which Republicanism is perishing? For the task which Dr. Wilson and his party are confronted with is one of

large and varied constructive policy, which it is not evident that the structure or traditions of this party make them competent to execute. The leading Democratic organ in New York puts the issue very clearly: "It is no vote of confidence in the Democratic Party. It is a mandate from the people, and woe be to the leaders of this democracy if they fail in their obedience to this mandate. The country is seething with political discontent, in spite of its unparalleled material wealth and prosperity." A great deal will depend upon the hitherto unrevealed qualities and thinking of Dr. Wilson. For the party he leads, though working for electoral purposes with wonderful solidarity, is not actuated by a single comprehensive policy of reform. It suffers, not only in the South, but elsewhere, from dead weights of selfish interests and a conservatism very difficult to infuse with any sentiments of broad humanity, or with the zeal for large social and constitutional experiments which the times require.

Dr. Wilson is without doubt a man of great intellectual equipment and of genuinely progressive sentiments. But neither his printed utterances nor his recent campaign speeches commit him to a constructive policy adequate to the needs of the situation. This may be the wise caution of a candidate, unwilling to say anything likely to alienate the Conservative wing of his party. Liberals in this country as elsewhere welcome his pronouncement in favor of a steady downward revision of the monstrous tariff towards the level of the actual needs for revenue. But even here those who compare the keen expectations aroused by the promises of Mr. Cleveland on entering the last Democratic administration, with the meagre fulfilment, will not be over-sanguine of rapid all-round reduction of import duties.

Moreover, any near approach to what we here understand as Free Trade will remain impracticable in America until federal finance is strengthened by changes in the Constitution which permit the imposition of direct taxation by the Federal Government, so as to meet the rapidly-rising expenditure. Have Dr. Wilson and his party any effective proposals for controlling those trusts and other business combinations which exercise, even apart from the support of Protective tariffs, a tyrannous power to raise prices? Have they any scheme for checking the enormities which the "money power," that close cabal of bankers and financiers, appears capable of perpetrating at times of economic difficulty? Mr. Roosevelt's Progressive Party made great play with strong proposals of factory legislation, compulsory insurance, conservative and land reforms, along lines familiar to most strongly centralized Governments. But will the democracy of the party now in power facilitate that transfer of legislative and administrative power from the States to the Central Government which is essential to the achievement of any such national policy?

In these and other issues of reform the Democratic Party will soon be put upon its trial. If Dr. Wilson and his able lieutenants, among whom it is hoped that Mr. Bryan may consent to act, will take their courage in both hands, and make American Democracy serve the full purposes of democracy, the future may lie with them as the instrument of political progress. Their ever present spur to this endeavor will be the activity of the new Progressive Party whose success in this election has been greater than its enemies at any rate expected. Having trampled under foot the politicians, who "stole" from them the Chicago Convention, Mr. Roosevelt is not the man to allow his hosts to disperse. He

will look forward with some confidence to the comparative failure of the Democratic Government to satisfy the ardent expectations of the country. He will feed those expectations and make them constantly more difficult of satisfaction. Then he will prepare for a great Progressive victory in 1916,  
The Nation.

which shall restore him to the place which he cannot conceive to be properly bestowed upon any other. Will this quite evident fate of failure enable Dr. Wilson to galvanize his machine into the necessary energy and liberality of action?

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### TO MAUD MARY.

Maud Mary, on that night when first you came,  
Armed with a trunk of tin severely battered,  
I looked askance at your athletic frame  
And saw my fondest aspirations shattered.  
I somehow knew  
Instinctively that you would never do.

They said, those folk with whom you last had been,  
"She is a good plain cook and organizer,  
Industrious and honest, sober, clean,  
And Church of England and an early riser."  
Therefore we thought  
That we had found the paragon we sought.

Alas, we soon discovered they had lied,  
Their diagnosis was in fact mistaken;  
The morning eggs, which you alleged were "fried,"  
Flowed frigidly round adamantine bacon.  
The toast was black  
And writhed for very limpness in the rack.

And breakages! What chance had plate or cup,  
Though of their kind the stoutest that existed,  
When that dread process known as "washing up"  
Left even spoons and forks a trifle twisted?  
And as for glass!  
We drop that painful theme and let it pass.

Throughout the day, whatever task you sped,  
One song for ever in our ears was drumming,  
From the first moment that you left your bed,  
"Work, work!" you chanted, "for the night is coming."  
A tune I hate!  
(*Moody and Sankey's Hymns*, Op. 98.)

And when your month was up and you retired  
To some less uncongenial sphere of action,

I penned this "character" which, if required,  
 I shall advance with lively satisfaction.  
 'Tis terse and true,  
 And for the kind of thing entirely new:—

*"Maud Mary has no future as a chef;  
 To call her such would be a simple mockery;  
 But for a house whose inmates are all deaf,  
 Who care not what they spend a year on crockery  
 And never eat,  
 She'll be a treasure very hard to beat!"*

Punch.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Herbert Kaufman's "Do Something! Be Something!" tells its tale by its title, and the appeal grows with each chapter. "Grow a Spine and Make Good," opens the book: "The Man Who Persists to the End," closes it. Between, is the preachment of push and hustle and success, couched in vibrant, epigrammatic English, and in very short essays. One can pick the book up and read a chapter between courses at dinner—and they are all earnest and optimistic. George H. Doran Co.

The work of an enthusiast is always alive: and Lyman Beecher Stowe has put life into the facts he gleaned, from William A. George, concerning the inception and growth of his "George Junior Republics" for the waifs of the city condemned by law. It is not necessary for the reader to accept these facts as quite so aureoled with splendor as does the book, "Citizens Made and Remade" (Houghton, Mifflin Co); but he cannot fail to acknowledge that Mr. George, by his multiplying "Republics" and by his introduction of self-government into schools, has touched a key to the heart of the boy hitherto untuned. The book gives the history of the "Republics," a resumé of their growth, and many interesting

stories of the wise dealing of this beneficent philanthropist, who without money himself, has followed side by side with Judge Lindsey in work for outcast children. His reformatories are actual self-governing bodies, where boys and girls earn their own living, and conduct their own business. The book is of absorbing interest.

"The Making of the New Testament," by Benjamin W. Bacon, presents a conservative view of the radical attitude towards that holy book. Prof. Bacon writes with much erudition, though with the brevity demanded by "The Home University Library" of all its volumes. He accepts without question all the epistles of St. Paul—though doubting the authenticity of certain portions of some. He considers Mark the one authentic Gospel and a Petrine utterance. His view of the rest of the books is not novel; though his repudiation of all the Johannine books, even Revelation, is startling from so cautious a scholar. Henry Holt & Co.

As bright and attractive as the cover with which L. C. Page and Company have sent it out into the world is "The Honey Pot," by Norval Richardson. Three very young gentlemen go to

Mexico on a business errand. On the train, as they near their destination, they see a mysterious, and, of course, beautiful veiled lady. All three fall madly in love. To their surprise and gratification a young "peone" girl who sells "pulque" in the market place and sings entrancing songs, volunteers much information about the fair unknown. Very skilfully she keeps the three admirers interested, making each one believe that he is her sole confidant. The identity of Señorita Lelita, the enchantress seen on the train, when at last revealed is more surprising to the three men than to the reader, but none the less the story is original, fresh and clever.

The same close analysis of ordinary life which is characteristic of several contemporary English novelists is employed by William John Hopkins in his book "Concerning Sally" with great success. Sally is a child of ten when we first make her acquaintance, and one of the most appealing children in literature of the present day. She has the gift of character to a marked degree, and the clever insight of the novelist allows us to watch intimately her growth and development until she becomes a woman. Some sordid domestic problems and not a little cruelty shadow Sally's childhood. She proves wonderfully strong in caring for her invalid mother and younger brother who develops unfortunate traits as he grows to manhood. Daily life within the household of a New England family is pictured with a minuteness seldom equalled, and every character in the book is a real person. In addition to the interest of the subject matter, the style of the story is a continual delight, so clear and penetrating is the wit, so true and delicate every emphasis. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mr. James Bryce's "South America: Observations and Impressions" (The

Macmillan Co.) is no ordinary book of travel, but then Mr. Bryce is no ordinary traveler. He is a trained observer, a student and a statesman; and, while he describes with a traveler's zest all that was interesting and novel in what he saw during his four months' tour among the South American republics, his studies go far below the surface and he is chiefly concerned with problems of national development and the great possibilities, material and political, of the countries and peoples of the great and fertile South American continent. His is a broad and tolerant mind, and his view of the future of the South American republics is so optimistic that he feels impelled to interject a brief dissertation upon the value of optimism. It is a great future which he foresees for the Latin-American republics,—a future which is in their own hands and in the working out of which they need have no fear of outside interference. Mr. Bryce's official position restrains him from discussing questions of international politics; but he carries his "observations and impressions" to a point where it is not difficult to guess what he thinks upon these subjects. He is especially urgent in insisting that the natural propensity of a West European or North American traveler to judge Spanish Americans by their own standard needs to be corrected not only by making allowance for differences of intellect and character, but also by a comprehension of the history of these peoples and of the difficulties which have encompassed them since their ancestors first set foot in the Western world. Mr. Bryce's book is the most illuminating and up-to-date of all recent volumes descriptive of South America; and, although quite different in scope and purpose, deserves a place by the side of his "The American Commonwealth." It is illustrated with maps.